UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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In Honor of
MAHATMA GANDHI
A Special Issue of UNITY

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Leaf from American History*

"You say, sir, that the people are propagating large quantities of flax and cotton, and they are provided with weavers, who have already wove several large pieces of cloth of a useful sort whereof they sold divers, and some they made use of in their own families. . . . They must expect no encouragement for setting up manufactures which may interfere with those of England."

These were the instructions sent by the authorities in England to the Governor of Georgia in 1775 and he was advised to discourage all manufacturing of textile goods on the grounds that it might occasion "complaints here." The Americans had begun more and more to manufacture their own clothing and England wanted all the American cotton for the use of her own spinners and weavers. Not only that, even in the production of foodstuffs all the surplus must go to the "mother country."

The way in which the American colonists met this affront forms a most fascinating chapter in history and might well be adopted by us as an object-lesson.

In India her own rulers conspired with the foreigner to crush the indigenous spinner and weaver and the greedy middleman joined hands with the foreign trader to dump down foreign goods upon the hapless Indian masses and the process is still going on. America had no tradition of spinning and weaving reaching back to dim antiquity, but having raw materials close at hand and being far removed from England, the American people gave the only effective reply that a freedom-loving people could give to cruel laws imposed upon them. They disregarded them and set themselves to learn to spin and weave in grim earnest. Spinning and weaving schools were established everywhere in pursuance of the program. A movement was started in New England and the South to promote economy and household industry. Spinning tournaments were organized. To excel in the use of the wheel became the pride of every lass and matron. The "Spinning Bee" became a popular social function and was celebrated sometimes in the Town Hall and again in the village manse; "the women bringing with pride their wheels and flax for the contest, while cake and wine and tea were generously supplied by the gallant gentlemen who danced attendance on them." Societies for encouraging home manufactures were formed notwithstanding instructions from England and the ministers delivered sermons to the women on the necessity of economy. Weaving parties called the young people together and "while they talked and laughed some were carding cot-

*This most interesting story of American history is taken from Gandhi's *Young India*, and shows how our own revolutionary experience has lessons for our Indian brethren today.—EDITOR.

(*Continued on page* 167)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

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I BEHOLD MAHATMA GANDHI

Fragile body,
Housing the great
Spirit of Love!
Build on,
Man of God!
And show these
Slaves of comfort
Your unquenchable call
To your people,
And all the peoples
Of the world.

Conqueror of self,
And champion of the
Oppressed!
Long may your days number,
That man will see your soul,
Tempestuous in truth,
Light the coming day.

MARIE FALCONER.

Gandhi on Prayer

[On the first Sunday evening (September 13) of Mahatma Gandhi's stay in London, he participated in a religious service at Kingsley Hall, the settlement house in the east end of London where he characteristically took up his abode. At this service, in response to the invitation of the head-worker of the house, Miss Muriel Lester, Gandhi spoke to the small company of friends and neighbors on his experience with prayer. His words, as taken down by me in part, are printed here as a beautiful revelation of the Mahatma's inner life.—J. H. H.]

Prayer is the supreme power in life. If we believe in God, as those of us do who are here and testify to this through our very presence, then it follows that we must pray to him. I have prayed so often that I have come to feel that prayer is to the soul what food is to the body. As a matter of fact, it is far more important to the soul than food is to the body, for we may at times go without food, and the body feel all the better for it. We may also fast for repentance and self-discipline. But there is no such thing as a prayer fast. Prayer is a necessity of spiritual life. I have found that if I omitted prayer through carelessness, or the make-believe that I had important work to do—and I confess that, in my early life, I had such periods of laziness and make-believe—then there came a gnawing at my heart, an uneasiness through all the day. I felt that I had lost something precious for that day. Prayer is now so important in my life that it is impossible for me not to pray. It comes automatically. It ought so to come, for the soul demands its food as does the body.

But what is prayer? It is not a muttering of the lips; rather is it a longing from the heart. A man or woman who is dumb may offer prayer. Probably dumb people offer far more effective prayer than we who utter words. I have often felt that silent prayer in one's own room, where nobody sees us, is better than prayer offered from the housetops to be heard of men. But we are social beings, and therefore must offer prayer not only inside our closets, but in company with others. Since we do so many things together, we should pray together, and there are many instances where prayers by congregations of men have had startling results.

I remember two historical illustrations of prayer and of its power over men. The first shows the inner significance of prayer, its meaning for life. There was once an Indian woman who went repeatedly into the temple to pray. She became absorbed in her prayers and thus forgetful of her surroundings. One day she was found stretched out on the ground with her back and feet toward the altar and her face looking the other way. This scandalized people and they protested to her at her profaning God's presence in this manner. The woman thereupon looked around in all directions and said, "Show me the place where God is not, and I will turn my back toward that place." It is not the attitude or the position of the body, nor the purity of speech, that constitutes prayer. Rather is prayer the definite consciousness at any moment of the day that we are in God's presence and discharging a debt we owe to our Maker.

The second illustration shows the power of prayer, its inner, not outer effects. It is the story of a son-in-law of Mohammed who, although he was a fighter, was a good man. He was a man of prayer and often became so absorbed in prayer that he noticed nothing. It happened one day that he was wounded in battle—an arrow pierced his shoulder and went through his body to the back. Now the arrow, of course, could not be drawn out without tearing the flesh, which would be very painful. So this man said to his servants, "Don't pull out the arrow now, but do it when I am in prayer." So it was! When the wounded man was praying they came to him and found him so lost in prayer that they were able to take the arrow and draw it out of his body painlessly. It is open to us all to have this experience. If we offer prayer from our hearts, we become absorbed, caught up, and know nothing of the world.

Prayer is a definite necessity of the soul. It is from the heart, a steadfast longing to be near our Maker. If we pray, we will always be delivered. And there is nothing we can do unless we pray.

I Meet Gandhi*

TEXTS: (1) *"It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit . . . the half was not told me."*—I Kings 10:6-7.

(2) *"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people."*—Luke 2:29-31.

These are the texts which I have chosen to introduce a sermon which is not really a sermon at all. What I have to say to you this morning is only a personal narrative—a little story out of my own life. *I have met Gandhi*—have clasped his hand, have looked into his eyes, have listened to his voice. I have sat in a great public audience, and heard him speak; I have sat alone at his feet and talked with him about many things. All this is of no importance, except to myself. But I have talked to you so often about the Mahatma, and you have responded so generously to my admiration and love for this great man whom we have learned together to describe as "the greatest man in the world," that I feel I should be remiss in my duty if I did not share with you, so far as I am able, an experience which I shall ever regard as the most precious of my life. Furthermore, there are wider implications in my experience! I saw Gandhi at the climactic hour of his career, and against the background of events momentous in the history not only of our own but of all time. I can tell you, therefore, not only of my impressions of the man, but also of my estimate of his significance today for India, the Empire, and the world. I have met, in other words, not merely an individual, but a cause, a movement, a revolution. How do I feel about this phenomenon—this Word become flesh which dwells among us "full of grace and truth"—this incarnation of the Spirit in which is life, and this life "the light of men"?

I was in Berlin when I heard that Gandhi was coming to London. Earlier in the summer I had received from him a letter in which he had spoken of his journey, and of his expectation of seeing me on his arrival. But his plans had been thrown into confusion, and he had announced that he would not attend the Round Table Conference. Then came the agreement with the Viceroy, and the sudden determination to make the trip. The moment I heard that Gandhi was coming, that he had actually taken ship and was on the sea, I abandoned all my other arrangements and rushed to London, resolved to camp upon the Mahatma's threshold until the door might open and let me through. I had not dared to hope that I could greet him when he first landed upon English soil. But by a dramatic and amusing combination of circumstances, which is a story in itself, I found myself on the morning of Saturday, September 12th, standing on the pier at Folkstone, awaiting the arrival of the Channel steamer.

It was typical English weather—cold and foggy, with occasional heavy showers. The wind was sweeping the waves with white-caps, and chilling the bones of the watchers on the pier. I was talking with an officer, one of the members of the police force appointed to be the bodyguard of the Mahatma.

"Do you see that point of land over there," he said to me, pointing to the white cliffs of Dover to the north. "That's where Caesar landed when he brought his legions to conquer England."

To conquer England! I thought of that great soldier of ancient Rome and of his victories upon these shores. His Twentieth Legion had remained here three hundred years! Then I thought of another conqueror—William of Normandy—who had crossed this Channel a thousand years after the immortal Julius and beaten the Saxons and annexed their realm. This invader had landed at Pevensky, not so many miles here to the south. And now another thousand years had passed, and still another conqueror was crossing these stormy seas. Not a soldier, but a mightier than any soldier. Not an invader, with a sword of steel, but an apostle with the sword of the spirit. Not an enemy to lay waste the land, but a friend to surprise and devastate the hearts of Englishmen. If ever Britain was in peril, it was in peril now, when for the third time in two thousand years, there was coming an alien to dictate terms of peace.

I wiped the rain from my glasses, and gazed out through the mist to the open sea. There was the steamer, a little craft in white, emerging from the horizon like a sheeted ghost. As she made fast at the pier, only one man, the official representative of the British government, was allowed on board. All the rest of us—friends of Gandhi, delegates from India, the Dean of Canterbury, newspaper reporters and photographers—were left standing in the rain, with a great crowd of sightseers behind the barriers. But the delay was brief. In a few moments we were aboard the ship, and I was standing at the door of Gandhi's cabin awaiting my turn to be received. It was here I had my first glimpse of the Mahatma. He was sitting cross-legged upon his berth, in earnest conversation with Reginald Reynolds, a young English Quaker, who had been a resident at the *Ashram* in India, and had become famous as the bearer of Gandhi's letter to the Viceroy on the eve of the march to Dandi. Gandhi's legs were bare, his body wrapped to the neck in the ample folds of a *Khaddar* shawl. His head and shoulders were bent forward in a listening attitude. A naked arm, long and lean and wiry, reached out of the shawl and took a paper from Reynolds' hand. There was a quick interchange of words, a flitting smile, and the conference was over.

It was now my turn. I stepped into the little cabin. Instantly Gandhi jumped to his feet, and, with the lithe, quick step of a school-boy, came forward to greet me. I felt his hands take mine in a grasp as firm as that of an athlete. I saw his eyes shining with a light so bright that not even the thick glass of his rude spectacles could obscure their radiance. I heard his voice addressing me in tones as rich and full as they were gentle. We had a few precious moments together. I was confused and excited, and today have little memory of what was said. But at this first meeting it was not words but feelings that were important. I was in the presence of the man whose spirit had reached me, years before, across the continents and seas of half the world, and now this presence was stamping its indelible impression upon my mind.

What was this first impression of Gandhi, as distinguished from the others which came later? I do not find it difficult to answer this question. It was an impression of the beauty of the man. Where do people

*A sermon delivered by Mr. Holmes at the Community Church, New York.

get the idea that Gandhi is ugly? Why have they described him as a "dwarf," and a "little monkey of a man"? It is true that his limbs and body are emaciated —his ascetic life produces no surplus flesh! But his frame is large, and his stature erect and of medium height; I have seen many Indians who are much more insignificant in appearance than Mahatma Gandhi. It is true also that his individual features are not lovely. He has a shaven head, protruding ears, thick lips, and a mouth that is minus many of its teeth. But his dark complexion is richly beautiful against the white background of his shawl, his eyes shine like candles in the night, and over all is the radiance of a smile like sunshine on a morning landscape. What impresses you is not the physical appearance but the spiritual presence of this man. You think at once of his simplicity, his sincerity, his innocence. He approaches you with all the naturalness and spontaneity of a little child. There is not an atom of self-consciousness in Gandhi—in spite of all his greatness in the world, and all the adulation which has been heaped upon him, he has no pose, no pretentiousness, no pride. You realize at once that his peculiar aspects of appearance and his peculiar ways of life have nothing fraudulent about them, but are the honest and fearless expression of a transcendent personality. Therefore, you do not think of how he looks, but only of what he is. You see truth, in other words, shining through the imperfect garment of the flesh. It is this which makes Gandhi beautiful. For truth is beauty! You remember how John Keats told us this in the closing lines of his great "Ode to a Grecian Urn," when he wrote

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
> Ye know, and all ye need to know.

In a few moments we were off the boat, and started for London. Gandhi was in the official automobile of the government, guarded by police. I rode in a compartment of the train with Devidas Gandhi, the Mahatma's son, Mr. Pyarelal, one of his secretaries, and Miss Madeleine Slade, the English girl, now known as Mirabai, his servant and disciple.

The story of Miss Slade is one of the noblest chapters in the saga of the Mahatma. Years ago, before the War, she was an English society girl, daughter of a British admiral, young, beautiful, rich, much sought-after. During the War she did relief work with the Red Cross in the usual conventional way. After the War she found, as so many found, that something had gone out of her life. She seemed to have lost her grip upon reality. A sense of frustration and futility settled down upon her like an atmosphere. It was while she was groping about, like a person lost in a dark room, that she hit by chance upon a book by Roman Rolland, the one man in our western world whose soul is most akin to Gandhi's. She went to Switzerland to see Rolland, and through this contact made her first acquaintanceship with the author's biography of the Mahatma, published in 1924. She had no sooner read the pages of this book, than she realized that she had found the mission of her life. She wrote to Gandhi, and asked if she might come to the *Ashram* and be his servant. The Mahatma did not encourage her. Did she know what she was asking? Did she realize what it meant to leave England and come to India? How could he be sure that she was sincere, had thought through her problem, and had steadfastness of purpose to work it out? She had better wait a year, and then write him again.

At once Miss Slade set herself to the task of preparation. She abandoned her family and friends. She got rid of her dresses, her jewels, and all the paraphernalia of her social life. She arrayed herself in rough garments, did menial work, slept on the floor. She made herself a vegetarian. She saturated herself in the *Bhagavat-gita,* which was the Hindu scriptures, and Gandhi's Bible. The year up, she wrote Gandhi again, and told her tale of discipline. He now said she might come—and from that day to this she has been his servant, his nurse, his friend, his fond disciple. She prepares his food, washes his clothes, makes his bed, cleans his room. She guards his hours of prayer, and stands sentinel at his day of silence. She follows his footsteps during the hours of the day, and sleeps upon his threshold during the hours of the night. I thought, as I looked at her, how beautiful she must have been, with her noble figure, her lustrous eyes, her liquid voice. I looked again, and thought how beautiful she is now, in spite of her shaven head, her rough clothing and her rougher hands, for her beauty, like Gandhi's, is the inward beauty of the spirit. I looked still again, and found myself thinking of the women who followed Jesus —Martha, Mary, the other Mary—and who served him with their love. I thought of St. Francis and the Lady Clara, and all the lovely relations between these two through the years of life and in the hour of death. And I said to myself, this Mirabai is the Mahatma's Sister Clare. She is a combination of Martha, "careful about many things" for Jesus, and Mary who sat quietly and gladly at the Master's feet.

We were soon in London, and went immediately through the mud and rain to the Friends Meeting House, where a great audience had gathered to meet and welcome Gandhi. As I saw him enter this auditorium, I was impressed again by the beauty of his personality, and now, also, by its power. With what dignity he walked upon this platform; with what serenity he surveyed this English scene; with what command he took possession of these men and women! To an intruder who knew nothing of Gandhi, nor of the momentous character of the occasion, there might have been something ridiculous in the picture. Here was this Indian striding into the room with his feet bare, his legs naked to the thighs, his middle bound by the loin-cloth, his body wrapped and rewrapped in the ample folds of his *Khaddar* shawl. But as he took his seat, and sat there calm and motionless as Buddha, the ridiculous, if it ever was present, was straightway diffused and dissolved into the sublime. I shall never forget the sense of awe that settled like an atmosphere upon that room. For the first time I understood the secret of Gandhi's influence over the millions of his fellow-countrymen. Had a king been present, we could not have felt more reverence in his presence. Suddenly I found myself remembering the testimony of Mr. Bernay, a sensitive English journalist, who said, "The moment you see Gandhi, you catch the atmosphere of royalty." And I remembered also that, a few weeks before, I had been in the presence of royalty. I had seen and talked with the man who, for more than thirty years, had been the most brilliant monarch of his day. This man was nobly dressed, attended by his court, himself a fascinating, gracious, and splendid figure.

But not all the majesty of this king could match the royal air of Gandhi.

But Gandhi not only looked like a king, he spoke like a king. His words that afternoon were gently uttered, in a voice quiet, almost monotonous. But as they reached our ears, they were the words of a royal proclamation. He made three points clear; First, his credentials! He came to England, he said, not as an individual, but as the representative of his people. "I represent, without any fear of contradiction, the dumb, semi-starved millions of India." Secondly, his mandate! He came not to dicker or to bargain with Britain, but to present the terms of the All-India Congress. "As an agent holding a power of attorney from the Congress," he said, "I shall have my limitations. I have to conduct myself within the four corners of the mandate I have received from the Congress . . . If I am to be loyal to the trust which has been put in me, I must not go outside that mandate." Lastly, his goal! What did the mandate exact? "Freedom," said Gandhi. "The Congress wants freedom unadulterated for these dumb and semi-starved millions." No compromise here, no equivocation! "He spake as one having authority"—and with the voice of prophecy.

This was on a Saturday afternoon. On the succeeding five days that I was privileged to remain in London, I saw the Mahatma four separate times. The first time was on the following morning, Sunday, when I went bright and early to Kingsley Hall, the settlement-house in the east end of London where Gandhi had characteristically taken up his abode. He was on an open terrace just outside his room, which was a kind of cell some five feet wide, seven or eight feet long, with stone floor and bare walls, and furnished only with a table, a chair, and a thin pallet on the floor where Gandhi slept. Mirabai was washing the one window of the little room. The Mahatma was sitting on a chair, bathed in the warm sunshine of a perfect day. He was talking with one of the great leaders of Indian affairs. Within a few moments this conference was finished, and I came and sat down in a chair beside the Mahatma. We talked of the Round Table Conference—was it going to succeed? No, Gandhi saw no reason for believing that it would succeed. His mind told him it must fail. "But God has told me to come to England," he said, very simply, "and he must have his own reasons. So I have put my mind aside, and shall trust and hope until the end." I referred to the slanderous attacks upon him in certain of the London newspapers, and expressed the hope that they did not trouble him. "No," he said, "they do not trouble me, but they pain me terribly. Think of how fully and freely I have talked to the reporters. I have told them everything. And yet they print these slanders and vicious lies. It hurts me to think that such things can be done. But," he continued, with a smile, "I do not let them worry me. They do no harm. Nothing can injure truth." I then referred to the next day, Monday, which was his day of silence, and asked if he would attend the Conference. "O, yes," he said, with his delightful smile now become almost a laugh, "I shan't say a word, but think what a chance I shall have to listen." We talked of a few other matters, and then I arose with an apology that I had taken his time, for others were waiting to see him, as indeed they always are. I shall never forget the loveliness of his smile, as he took my hand, and said, "Come whenever you can. You may have to wait, but I want to see you as long as you are in London."

I next saw Gandhi on Sunday night at a religious service in which his friends and some men and women from the neighborhood participated. The Mahatma sat on the platform, not in a chair but on the floor, wrapped in a shawl, with a rug thrown about his bare legs. He spoke to us, from his sitting posture, on prayer, his experience of prayer. He stated that he believed in God, and therefore of course prayed. He told us what prayer had done for him. "Without prayer," he said, "I could do nothing." As he went on in his quiet way, telling us of his experience with this most intimate discipline of the spiritual life, his voice became very soft and low. I doubt if many persons in the room, back of the front rows where I was sitting, could hear what he was saying. The Mahatma seemed more and more to sink into himself. His address became a process of self-communion, or communion, right there before our eyes, with One greater than ourselves. But words were not necessary at such an hour! Gandhi's presence was diffusing an atmosphere in the little room which gripped us in its spell. It was a moment of mystic uplift never to be forgotten.

I did not see Gandhi again until Wednesday night, when I sat with him in his room during his supper-hour. He was sitting on his bed, on the floor. I squatted down beside him, that I might be as near to him as possible. He held in his left hand a cup of goat's milk. On his lap was a tin plate, such as I have seen convicts use in a prison, and in this was the handful of dates which made the substance of his meal. Gandhi's secretary, Mr. Pyarelal, was with us but did not join in the conversation. We talked of many things—of the Round Table Conference, of Mayor Walker's request for an interview, of Palestine and Zionism and their relation to the situation in India, and of the Mahatma's projected visit to America. At the close, I bade him good-bye, for I was leaving on Friday, and did not expect to see him again. Immediately he laid aside his cup and plate, and took my hand in both of his. "We shall meet again," he said, "in America, or perhaps in India. But if we never meet, we shall still be together."

The next night, Thursday, Devidas Gandhi sought me out and told me, to my surprise, that his father wanted to see me. The Mahatma was at St. James's Palace, where the Round Table Conference held its sessions. I hastened with Devidas to the Palace, and found Gandhi in one of the committee rooms, eating his supper. He was sitting on a large lounge, or divan, and he invited me to sit down beside him. A message had come from America, and he wanted to discuss it with me. We talked for a half-hour or so, as members of Gandhi's party passed in and out of the room. Then, on word that the attendants were waiting to close the Palace, we all arose and started for the automobiles. Gandhi asked me if I would ride with him to Kingsley Hall. Of course I accepted his invitation, and sat by his side as we sped far eastward to the slum districts of the city. As we drew up to the house, we found the doorway blocked with a great crowd of children. The boys and girls of the neighborhood had become much excited over this strange man from India. In the morning they gathered in the street to see him drive away, and in the evening to see him come home again. This night it was late, but they were still there. And

what a shout they raised as he emerged from the automobile! The Mahatma paused and turned toward the children with smiling face. They shouted again, and crowded about him to touch his hands and feel his shawl. I bade him a hasty good-bye, as he sought his room. And as I went down the narrow street, with the children's voices ringing in my ears, I thought of the story of one of Galilee, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Well, this is my story of meeting Gandhi—a simple story, of little interest, I should imagine, to anybody but myself. But there are elements in it of wider range than the limits of my own personal experience. I have met a man who is more than a man—a great historic figure, of supreme importance for our own and all future time. What is the permanent impression that I gathered of his qualities, and of the relation of these qualities to the world crisis in which they are acting as decisive factors?

First of all, may I say that Gandhi fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, all the expectations that I had gathered of him through years of study and inquiry. He was the man I expected to see. I can say of him what the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon in our text, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit . . . the half was not told me." Immediately apparent was the charm of the man—a charm which is irresistible to all who meet him, friend and foe alike. I doubt if anybody can come into the radiance of that presence, and not feel himself melting like snow beneath an April sun. But charm, of course, is no mere surface quality. It reaches deep into the soul. It is like a blossom, all fragrance and beauty, which draws its sustenance from the soil of mother earth. Gandhi has charm without, because within he has infinite resources of gentleness, tenderness, and sweet compassion. This man is animated by love—a love which reaches out to all the world, and includes every humblest creature within its embrace. His courtesy is exquisite because his love is instant. He is the living incarnation of a soul at peace with all its fellows.

All this, of course, I expected to find. The charm of Gandhi's person, radiating from the love of Gandhi's heart, has become the commonplace of every report of the man that has been written. But there are other qualities which are not so apparent—qualities which surprised me as elements of character and influence that I had not anticipated.

First, I would mention his extraordinary physical stamina. As an ascetic he is frail, yet he has powers of resistance and endurance that are remarkable. I feared for him the chill blasts of England's rainy weather beating upon an ill-protected body which had just come from India's heat. But Gandhi seemed to suffer not at all from exposure, and was the one person who worried not at all. Then there is his capacity to bear up through hours of uninterrupted labor. At four o'clock in the morning, he rises for an hour of solitary prayer. Then comes a rapid walk through the silent streets, followed by breakfast, conferences with his secretaries, and interviews. At ten o'clock he speeds to the Round Table, where he is busy all day long with meetings and discussion. At seven o'clock, he conducts his evening prayers with his family and friends. Then come interviews and conferences, lasting frequently into the late hours of the night. Interspersed are his letters, his spinning, and other regular activities. How does Gandhi survive the routine of a day which frequently runs to nineteen and twenty hours in duration? Is it because of his hours of daily prayer? Is it because of his day of silence on every Monday? Is it because of his rigid diet, which sustains his body and does not interfere with his mind? Answer these questions as you will, the fact remains that the Mahatma is a marvel of physical power. A newspaper correspondent recently wrote that he was "showing signs of strain." I do not believe it! Gandhi has long since delivered himself from the strain which breaks so many of us down.

Secondly, I would mention Gandhi's mental power. More than once I have declared that the great Indian was not remarkable in the field of the intellect. I was tempted to this conclusion, I imagine, because of the traditional difficulty of associating intellectual power with spiritual sanctity. Also, I was misled by the absence in Gandhi of that literary genius which was so extraordinary, for example, in Leo Tolstoy. But now I know that Gandhi, like Tolstoy, has a great intellect, even though it does not express itself in large works of the creative imagination. Indeed, I have seldom met such clarity of mind, such precision of thought, such instant and full control of the data of a problem, as I met in Gandhi. His knowledge of India and England, and of many other subjects of the first importance, is exhaustive; his use of this knowledge, in the presentation of ideas and the formulation of policies, is exhausting to those who must compete with him. In the House of Commons he addressed the assembled members of the Labor Party. For two hours after his speech, he was questioned relentlessly by these friendly but eager men. Like a stag at bay, he was harried by the hounds. But not once did he falter, least of all succumb. He was a match for them all, and at the end, in generous recognition of his victory in the battle of wits, was cheered to the echo by these solid Englishmen. Be not deceived, my friends! The Mahatma is as competent intellectually as he is devoted spiritually. In his leadership of India he is the rival of any statesman in the world today.

Next, I was surprised, and am still surprised, by a quality which I find it difficult to describe. I refer to a certain rigor, or relentlessness, in Gandhi's nature. We might call it hardness, if hardness were not forever inconsistent with the gentleness which rules within the Mahatma's soul. What I have in mind is a straightness of opinion, a rigidity of conviction, an almost fanatical fidelity of purpose, which holds him, as a rudder holds a ship, to the course appointed. I detected this in his first speech in London, in response to his public welcome, which, in spite of its quietness of tone, was one of the bluntest speeches I ever heard in my life. It was apparent in his first speech at the Round Table Conference, when he said to these officials of the King that there had been a time when he had prided himself on being a British subject, but now he had ceased for many years to call himself a British subject. "I would far rather be called a rebel than a subject." It was serenely manifest in his second speech at the Conference, when he looked around the Table and said softly that he failed to see Indians who were representative of the people of India. Those he saw were representatives

not of India but of the Crown. Most of all was it manifest in his dramatic visit to Lancashire when, like Lincoln in burning Richmond at the close of the Civil War, he walked like a conqueror amid the sad wreckage of his triumph. Stricken even as Lincoln was stricken, he still said, as he looked upon the hungry and wretched men and women in the Lancashire towns, that he could not forget the millions in his own country who were far more hungry and wretched than these. There is steel in Gandhi. He may bend, as he has bent many a time to talk terms of peace, but he will never break. The sword of his spirit is a pliant weapon, but it cuts ruthlessly to the heart of reality. Gandhi is again like Jesus—one of the meek, to be sure, but "the terrible meek."

Lastly, may I speak of Gandhi's sense of humor, his light-heartedness, his capacity for joy. Never have I seen a great man who can laugh so quickly and so heartily. At the slightest excuse, his merriment ripples like that of a little child. This is what makes his smile so potent—it comes not as a sudden and unexpected disclosure, but abides like an atmosphere of warmth and light. To me this happiness was at first disconcerting. How could this man, weighted down by the burdens of his country, faced at this moment by the greatest crisis in the Empire's history, with millions the world around waiting upon his every word and act, how could he abandon himself so utterly to the enjoyment of an amusing story or a grotesque incident? It seemed uncanny that he could laugh so heartily amid events so momentous. Yet, as I thought about it, I seemed to understand. His merriment is a kind of doorway that opens straight to the secret places of Gandhi's soul. Why shouldn't he laugh—this man who is a Mahatma?

Thus, Gandhi is free from all the myriad cares of the worldly life. He is beset by none of the worries which weigh down other men. He does not have to think of the next meal. He has no clothes nor adornments to bother him. He handles no money, and thus has none to lose. He owns no property, and therefore cannot be robbed. He is delivered, in other words, of all the cares that attach to the accumulation of the perishable things of earth. He has not laid up for himself "treasure upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal"; but his treasures he has laid up "in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." His mind is easy because his heart is free.

But more important than this is the fact that the Mahatma is a man who trusts in God. Strange as it may seem to us westerners, with our materialistic modes of thought, Gandhi actually believes that he has found God in his prayers, and walks with him in his actions. It is his conviction that God's will is manifest to those who seek him, and that this will may be done by those who love him. It is the doing of the will which is the great thing in Gandhi's eyes. What the consequences may be he leaves contentedly and confidently to Him who rules. In this Gandhi is faithful to his Hindu scriptures. For in the *Bhagavad-Gita* it is taught that the one concern of men is work, and that the fruitage of this work is in the hands of God. So Gandhi never worries, but only trusts. His confidence in eternity makes possible his happiness in time.

It is this which brings us face to face, in the end, with the power of Gandhi. "You are a strange man," said Mr. Lawrence Housman, in his address of welcome at the Friends Meeting House. "You are so sincere, you embarrass us; so simple, you baffle us." What indeed, is to be done with such a man? If he came like ordinary men, it would be easy enough to handle him. If he bore a sword, a stouter sword would strike him down. If he had an army, a stronger army would defeat him. Even as it was, I found myself wondering at times that Britain did not arrest the Mahatma, cast him into the Tower, and try him for treason. But this man comes naked and unafraid, protected only with "the shield of faith," armed only with "the sword of the spirit." How can such a man be beaten? Panoplied in cosmic law, how can he be overthrown? "Not by power, nor by might, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." Gandhi is irresistible, already a victor over his foes, because like Shelley's Prometheus, he is glad

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy power which seems omnipotent,
To love, to bear, to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent—
This is to be good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Gandhi

Devoid of all the world regards as wealth;
Not beautiful in outward form or face;
Unornamented by the robes of state:—
He stands resplendent in the spirit's grace.

A grace that springs from true simplicity,
A childlike honesty of heart and mind,
A soul by inner discipline made pure,
As impure ore by fire is refined.

He goes his way illumined by this grace,
And all who see him feel its warming glow;
The children follow him to catch his smile,
Just as they followed Jesus, long ago.

He goes his way protected by this grace;
He needs no armor like the olden knight,
God's truth is still his buckler and his shield,
His only weapon is his own soul's might.

He goes his way enveloped in this grace;
Unmoved by praise, and undeterred by blame;
Serene in faith that God makes plain his path,
And that to do his will alone is fame.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

Mahatma Gandhi*

When the high heart we magnify
And the sure vision celebrate
And worship greatness passing by
Ourselves are great.

When we today pay tribute to the greatness of Mahatma Gandhi, we are privileged to receive into ourselves a portion of his spirit. It is as if the mantle of his soul had been wrapped about the shoulders of us all. Men unconsciously become exponents of forces vaster than themselves; the world which forever hungers for a Messiah—and never more than today in these dark hours—fastens upon them its unfulfilled hopes for salvation and release. Mahatma Gandhi has won for himself this aureole in the minds of millions throughout the globe; he belongs among the immortals of our times because he represents the inarticulate, unchampioned masses everywhere "yearning to be free."

It is of Gandhi as a symbol that I would speak. An emblem can have greater potency than a fact; an ideal or even an idealization can be more influential than an army with banners. Mahatma Gandhi has become the focus for the aspirations of those in whose bosom hope for progress and human betterment had almost died. He has become the lodestone of their visions, without which the people perish. He is intensely a patriot of his beloved mother-country; because he is so strikingly a champion of India, his message is clear and unmistakable to the nations. But this very nationalism contains within its heart the universalism which has endeared Mahatma Gandhi to all races and all faiths. "The huddled masses," "the tempest tossed," "the maligned, the misunderstood," have made him their saint. He espouses a specific cause—the independence of India—and through martyrdom, negotiation, appeal and example, he moves unerringly towards his goal. As a member of the people of Israel which for twenty centuries has known the rod of a thousand oppressors, and today is seeking to re-establish a central sanctuary for its collective spirit in the Land of its Fathers under the aegis of Zionism on behalf of the millions of Eastern Europe who walk in darkness and to Gandhi himself is spiritual kin, I add my word of tribute gratefully to the many that are uttered today on the natal day of the illustrious emancipator of our new day. As an American nurtured upon the principles of liberty and justice for all, revering the names of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Wilson, I hail the man who is voicing the word which soon or late will set his people free. Mahatma Gandhi symbolizes more than the concept of national independence; he typifies the gospel of self-help and self-emancipation. For it is not enough that India eventually should be free; it is essential also that leaders of sound, far-sighted judgment, of skill in economics and statesmanship, of high resolution in affairs of social welfare emerge, who can aid India to take her place in the family of nations as a full-fledged modern commonwealth.

Mahatma Gandhi symbolizes not only the ideal of liberty, and the concept of self-emancipation; he is the token also of a spiritual protest against the ravages of the machine era of which we are both master and slave. The chronicle of his efforts to dramatize the inequalities of our economic system is known to all; what has happened in far-off India has become the property of men everywhere who deplore the evils of Western culture. We may never wish to surrender the comforts our machines have brought us; we may never become *"Maschinenstuermer,"* Robots smashing our own tools as in "Metropolis." But it is well to be reminded by luminaries like Gandhi that our political and social scheme has concentrated vast wealth in the hands of the few and subjected the masses to the menace of starvation. We may not re-adopt the spinning wheel, but it will remain in our imagination as a living reminder of simpler virtues and excellencies which modern mechanisms seem to have slain. Mahatma Gandhi will wish for his cherished India the best that Western civilization can offer. He is not intent upon the destruction either of empires of statesmanship including Britain, or empires of man's instruments of service; he would rather turn them to the healing and profit of the multitudes who today are chained to them in servitude.

Gandhi is a symbol, too, of the ancient prophetic word: "Not by might, and not by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." A horrid necessity forced upon even the peace-lovers to advocate: "force, force, force, to the limit." In all ages, revolutionaries have taken up arms of death to gain their ends. Gandhi has embarked upon a new, though, in many respects, ageless, experiment. The people of Israel learned long ago that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; they faced the empires of Assyria, Greece, Rome and medievaldom, and they survived by sheer "soul-force." The people of Israel have not merely preached, but lived the ideal of "non-resistance," "non-violence" and "non-acquiescence." Gandhi today looks upon the gaudy and sinister panoply of war and he vanquishes it by the appeal to reason, love and brotherhood. In Israel Zangwill's drama: "The War God," Count Frithiof, whose prototype was Gandhi's master, Count Leo Tolstoy, takes as his motto: "Resist not evil, but reform yourself." When the Chancellor declares: "To safeguard peace, we must prepare for war," he replies in the spirit of Gandhi:

I know that maxim; it was forged in hell.
This wealth of ships and guns inflames the vulgar
And makes the very war it guards against.
How often, as the mighty master said, the sight
Of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.

Gandhi's faith in the inherent goodness both of men and nations may be baffled by the cruelties of a "Realpolitik" but in the end the verdict of mankind is certain to be on his side. Nothing can halt the march of a people to its freedom except its own lack of knowledge, its own inadequacy, and its own unwisdom in the presence of provocation. What the world needs today is the cleansing word of peace. We have had enough of bloodshed, with its tragic aftermath of poverty, chaos and despair. Gandhi speaks for freedom, but only in language that puts to shame the bravado of the tyrants, and elicits the beneficence and kindliness of which human nature can make itself heir.

Gandhi's work is still incomplete, and all lovers of freedom wish him strength and health in the labors

*An address delivered at the Sixty-third Birthday Luncheon of Mahatma Gandhi at the Governor Clinton Hotel, New York City, Saturday, October 3rd.

before him. I echo on this his festal day the ancient Hebraic greeting: *"Ad Meah Shanah,"* "May he be vouchsafed a hundred years." The world needs Gandhi as the mirror of its best self. Whatever the immediate outcome of any specific task to which he sets his hand, nothing can mar his high fame, and nothing alter the eternal substance of his greatness. Like a "solitary tower in the city of God," Gandhi looms forth among his contemporaries. May he continue to be a bulwark for his fellow countrymen, and a beacon for all mankind! (RABBI) LOUIS I. NEWMAN.

New York City

Voluntary Poverty*

You will be astonished to hear from me that, although to all appearance my mission is political, I would ask you to accept my assurance that its roots are —if I may use that term—spiritual. It is commonly known, though perhaps not believed, that I claim that at least my politics are not divorced from morality, from spirituality, from religion. I have claimed—and the claim is based upon extensive experience—that a man who is trying to discover and follow the will of God cannot possibly leave a single field of life untouched. I came also, in the course of my service, to the conclusion that if there was any field of life where morality, where truth, where fear of God, were not essential, that field should be given up entirely.

But I found also that the politics of the day are no longer a concern only of kings, but that they affect the lowest strata of society. And I found, through bitter experience that, if I wanted to do social service, I could not possibly leave politics alone.

Do not please consider that I want to speak to you tonight about politics and somehow or other connect voluntary poverty with politics. That is not my intention. I have simply given you an introduction of how I came to believe in the necessity of voluntary poverty for any social worker or for any political worker who wanted to remain untouched by the hideous immorality and untruth that one smells today in ordinary politics. The stench that comes from that life has appeared to some to be so suffocating that they came to the conclusion that politics were not for a God-fearing man.

Had that been really so, I feel that it would have been a disaster for mankind. Find out for yourselves, in the light of what I am now saying, whether directly or indirectly, every activity of yours today in this, one of the greatest cities of the world, is not touched by politics.

Well, then, when I found myself drawn into the political coil, I asked myself what was necessary for me in order to remain absolutely untouched by immorality, by untruth, by what is known as political gain.

In the course of my search, I made several discoveries which I must, for tonight, leave alone. But, if I am not mistaken, this necessity for poverty came to me first of all.

I do not propose to take you through all the details of that act or performance—interesting and, to me, sacred though they are—but I can only tell you that it was a difficult struggle in the beginning and it was a wrestle with my wife and—as I vividly recall—with my children also.

Be that as it may, I came definitely to the conclusion that, if I had to serve the people in whose midst my life was cast and of whose difficulties I was witness from day to day, I must discard all wealth, all possession.

I cannot tell you with truth that, when this belief came to me, I discarded everything immediately. I must confess to you that progress at first was slow. And now, as I recall those days of struggle, I remember that it was also painful in the beginning. But, as days went by, I saw that I had to throw overboard many other things which I used to consider as mine, and a time came when it became a matter of positive joy to give up those things. And one after another then, by almost geometric progression, the things slipped away from me. And, as I am describing my experiences, I can say a great burden fell off my shoulders, and I felt that I could now walk with ease and do my work also in the service of my fellowmen with great comfort and still greater joy. The possession of anything then became a troublesome thing and a burden.

Exploring the cause of that joy, I found that, if I kept anything as my own, I had to defend it against the whole world. I found also that there were many people who did not have the thing, although they wanted it; and I would have to seek police assistance also if hungry famine-stricken people, finding me in a lonely place, wanted not merely to divide the thing with me but to dispossess me. And I said to myself: if they want it and would take it, they do so not from any malicious motive, but they would do it because theirs was a greater need than mine.

And then I said to myself: possession seems to me to be a crime: I can only possess certain things when I know that others, who also want to possess similar things, are able to do so. But we know—every one of us can speak from experience—that such a thing is an impossibility. Therefore, the only thing that can be possessed by all is non-possession, not to have anything whatsoever. In other words, a willing surrender.

You might then well say to me: but you are keeping many things on your body even as you are speaking about voluntary poverty and not possessing anything whatsoever! And your taunt would be right, if you only superficially understood the meaning of the thing that I am speaking about just now. It is really the spirit behind. Whilst you have the body, you will have to have something to clothe the body with also. But then you will take for the body not all that you can get, but the least possible, the least with which you can do. You will take for your house not many mansions, but the least cover that you can do with. And similarly with reference to your food and so on.

Now you see that there is here a daily conflict between what you and we understand today as civilization and the state which I am picturing to you as a state of bliss and a desirable state. On the one hand, the basis of culture for civilization is understood to be the

*An address spoken at the Guildhouse, London, reprinted here from the "Guildhouse Monthly."

multiplication of all your wants. If you have one room, you will desire to have two rooms, three rooms, the more the merrier. And similarly, you will want to have as much furniture as you can put in your house, and so on, endlessly. And the more you possess the better culture you represent, or some such thing. I am putting it, perhaps, not as nicely as the advocates of that civilization would put it, but I am putting it to you in the manner I understand it.

And, on the other hand, you find the less you possess the less you want, the better you are. And better for what? Not for enjoyment of this life, but for enjoyment of personal service to your fellow beings; service to which you dedicate yourselves, body, soul and mind.

Well, here you find there is ample room for hypocrisy and humbug, because a man or a woman may easily deceive himself or herself and deceive his or her neighbors also, by saying:

> In spirit I have given up all possessions, and yet externally I am possessing these things; you must not examine my deed, you must examine my intention; and of my intention only I must remain the sole witness.

That is a trap, and a death trap. How are you then to justify the possession even of a piece of cloth two or three or four yards, say, in length and a yard in width? How can you justify even the possession of that piece of cloth in order to cover your body somewhat, when you know that if you left that piece of cloth alone, even that would be taken over by some-one—not maliciously again—but because he would want it for he has not even so much as that piece of cloth? I am witness, eye witness, of millions of human beings who have not even so much as that piece of cloth. How are you then to justify your act of possessing this thing with your intention not to possess anything at all?

Well, there is a remedy provided for this dilemma, this difficulty, this contradiction in life—that if you must possess these things you must hold them at the disposal of those who want them. What happens is that, if somebody comes and wants your piece of cloth, you are not going to keep it from him, you are not going to shut any doors, you are certainly not going to the policeman to ask him to help you to keep these things.

And you have also got to be content with what the world will give you. The world may give you that piece of cloth or may not because, if you do not possess anything, naturally you do not possess the token coin with which you may buy clothing or food. You have got then to live purely on the charity of the world. And even when charitable people give you something, that something does not become your possession. You simply retain it with the fullest intention of that thing being surrendered to anybody who wishes to take it. If somebody comes and uses force against you to dispossess you, you may not go and report to the next policeman you meet and say you have been assaulted. You will not have been assaulted.

Well that, to my mind, is the meaning of voluntary poverty. I have given you an ideal. Dr. Royden has claimed that I am the greatest exponent of voluntary poverty in the world. I must, in all humility, disown any such claim whatsoever. And this I say to you not because of false modesty, but I say it to you sincerely, believing it to be true. I have given you but a little of my conception of voluntary poverty. And I must own to you that I am far from having realized that ideal in its fulness. In order to realize that ideal in its fulness, there must be a definite intention and conviction in my mind that I do not want to, I must not, possess anything on this earth as my property, not even this body, because this body also is a possession.

If you believe with me, as you must believe with me if you are church-goers—that is if you believe in God—you believe that body and soul are not one and the same thing, but that the body is a house only, a temporary residence for a soul or a spirit within; and if you believe that, as you do believe, I take it—then it follows that even the body is not yours. It has been given to you as a temporary possession, and it can also be taken from you by him who has given it to you.

Therefore, having that absolute conviction in me, such must be my constant desire, that this body also may be surrendered at the will of God, and while it is at my disposal, must be used not for dissipation, not for self-indulgence, not for pleasure, but merely for service and service the whole of your waking hours.

And if this is true with reference to the body, how much more with reference to clothing and many other things that we use?

Having got that conviction and held it for so many years, I am here to give you my evidence against myself, that I have not reached that perfect state of voluntary poverty. I am a poor man, in the sense you understand of struggling to reach that ideal, not poor in the sense in which we ordinarily use the word poor.

As a matter of fact, when I was once challenged by someone, I was able to claim that to my neighbors and people in the world I seemed to be the richest man on earth, for the richest man is really one who, possessing nothing, has everything at his disposal.

And those who have actually followed out this vow of voluntary poverty to the fullest extent possible (to reach absolute perfection is an impossibility, but the fullest possible extent for a human being) those who have reached the ideal of that state, testify that, when you dispossess yourself of everything you have, you really possess all the treasures of the world. In other words, you really get all that is in reality necessary for you, everything. If food is necessary, food will come to you.

Many of you are men and women of prayer, and I have heard from very many Christian lips that they got their food in answer to prayer, that they get everything in answer to prayer. I believe it. But I want you to come with me a step further, and believe with me that those who voluntarily give up everything on earth, including the body; that is to say, have readiness to give up everything (and they must examine themselves critically, rigidly, and give always an adverse judgment against themselves)—those who will follow this out will really find that they are never in want.

And I will confess to you that, when as I felt God had given me some portion of the riches of the earth and when I had many possessions, I had not the facilities for possessing things that I have at this time. I had not certainly one millionth part of the ability to command money and everything that I need for service.

A spirit of service had come to me even when I was practising and earning money and was in possession of several things, but at that time I had certainly not the capacity for getting whatever I wanted for

service. But today (whether it is good for me or bad for me, I do not know, God alone knows) I can give you this evidence, that I have never been in want.

After a period when I had really dispossessed myself by intention and had no hankering after anything that I could call my own, and began to share everything I possessed in common with my neighbors (I cannot share everything with the whole world; if I share with my neighbors, I do share with the whole world, my neighbors also doing likewise; if we do that, it is all a limited human being can do) but immediately I came to that state to a fair extent, I found that I was never in want.

Want must not again be taken literally. God is the hardest task-master I have known on this earth, and he tries you through and through. And when you find that your faith is failing or your body is failing you and you are sinking, he comes to your assistance somehow or other and proves to you that you must not lose your faith and that he is always at your beck and call, but on his terms, not on your terms. So I have found. I cannot really recall a single instance when, at the eleventh hour, he has forsaken me. And I have got this reputation, which I can repeat to you, a reputation for being one of the best beggars in India. And, as my critics will tell you, at one time I collected one crore of rupees; in pounds, shillings and pence I cannot count it for you, but it is some horribly large sum (about £750,000), but I had no difficulty in collecting it. And since then, whenever any emergency has arisen, not for any consideration, not in the soul of my fundamental being, can I recall a single instance of my failing to obtain whatever was necessary for service.

But you will say: this is in answer to prayer. It is not just an answer to prayer, it is a scientific result of this vow of non-possession or vow of voluntary poverty. You do not want to possess anything whatever: and the more therefore you simplify your life, dispossess yourself, the better it is for you.

Immediately you come to that, you can command anything. You can command vanities, but if you only once take possession of these, this power will immediately be gone; you must not take for yourself. If you do, you are done for. I have known this to happen in so many instances. Many a man has said: Oh yes, God has now answered my prayer for money or possessions. I will now keep this—this Koh-i-noor diamond, or whatever it may be. That will be the last time. He won't be able to defend that diamond.

Therefore, all I am just now holding out before you as a grand thing is that you can command all the resources of the world for service. To one who does not believe, that may seem an arrogant statement to make. But, as I believe, it is not an arrogant thing to say that you can command all the resources of the earth for service—to the extent of your ability to serve. If you want to command the whole services of the world, it is not enough to go down to some of those houses in the East End, find out the distress of those who live there and fling in their faces a few coppers; you will not have all the resources of the world for that; God will fling in your face also a few coppers.

But if you surrender yourself, body, soul and mind, and give yourself up to the world, then I say—the treasures of the world are at your feet, not for your enjoyment, but for the enjoyment of that service, only yours for that service.

The moral that I would have us to draw from this talk that I have given to you is really very apposite at this time. I want you to believe me when I tell you that my whole heart goes out to this nation in its distress. I cannot possibly present my solution of your financial difficulty. You are great enough, resourceful enough, to find out your own remedies. But I would ask you to elaborate this thought in your own minds in connection with the present distress.

Mr. C. F. Andrews brought to my notice a letter that was written by the Prime Minister to a correspondent and which he told me yesterday was being used as an advertisement throughout the District Railway, probably in the Tubes also; it runs somewhat like this:

> You must buy only British goods; must employ only British labor, and try to buy as much as you can.

That is one remedy I know. But I want to suggest to you that, in order to solve the problem of distress in the world, this idea of voluntary poverty is a root idea. No doubt, with your resourcefulness, you will tide over the difficulty and feel that there was nothing wrong. If you will permit me to say so, that would be perhaps short-sighted, for a time perhaps has come for a revision of values.

But again I must not go into deep waters. I can only throw out this hint to those who can appreciate the necessity of voluntary poverty for service. I have not tonight presented this blessed thing for the acceptance of all: though let me add that, in the innermost recesses of my heart, I feel that the world would not go all wrong, would not become a world of idiots, if all of us took the vow of voluntary poverty. But I know that this is almost an impossible thing. Everything is possible for God, but humanly speaking, it is wise to say that it is an impossible thing. But it is not an impossible thing; indeed, I hold it to be absolutely indispensable, that those who give themselves wholly to the service of their fellow-beings must take the vow of voluntary poverty.

Try to find out for yourself whether you are not thereby assisting very materially in solving this great national problem that today faces you.

You will not have solved the problem if the people who do not want to give up their salaries or whatever they are required to give up, are compelled to give them up by law. While they say: "What can we do? We do not want to resist; we cannot resist," their minds are still hankering after these things.

But imagine that, in the midst of this hankering, there is a body of servants arising, who will themselves become voluntarily poor. They would be like lighthouses to guide the paths of those who do not know what voluntary poverty is because they know only involuntary poverty. I do not go among my fellows who starve and talk of voluntary poverty; I do not tell them how blessed they would be if they changed that involuntary poverty into voluntary. There is no such thing as magic of that character on this earth. It is a painful process, and these men have first of all to have the necessities of life before I can talk to them of voluntary poverty.

What does happen is this: that a man like me going among them, living in their midst as best he can their

life, can bring a ray of hope into their hearts. They will accept remedies that a man like me may suggest to them. At least, if I cannot suggest any immediate remedy, they would find in a man like me a friend. They would say: "He is happy although he possesses nothing; how is it?" I do not need to argue with them; they begin to argue for themselves.

How can I share these richest treasures from my experience with everybody on earth. I could not. But today, having undertaken to speak on voluntary poverty, I am sharing, to a certain extent only, these treasured experiences of mine not amongst a few hundred people here but amongst millions of people. I tell you that it is beyond description, the bliss, the happiness, and the ability that this voluntary poverty gives one. I can only say; try it and experiment with it, test it for yourselves.

—*Gandhi.*

The Round Table Conference—Act II

I

The drama of the Indo-British problem has three acts. The first act has already been played. To refresh the memory of the reader, it may be recalled that this first act had two scenes.

Scene number one: The first Round Table Conference (1930). A round of festivities at St. James's Palace, where the prince and the pariah embraced—not for the first time, however, in Indian history, as the press wrongly reported—for the delectation of the outside world. In one of the love scenes at St. James's, Mr. MacDonald discovered that federation was a great idea and with the announcement of that discovery—which cost India thousands of rupees—he sent home the Indian "delegates," who were really all government nominees.

Scene number two: This scene, which was too far in the background for the near-sighted Britisher to observe carefully, but near enough for India and the rest of the world to see, was enacted in India. The Lahore Congress Resolution of Independence (Christmas week, 1929); the Declaration of India's Independence (January 26, 1930); the famous march to the sea of the half-naked holy man followed by his chosen eighty odd companions (March 12-April 15, 1930); the defiance of the Salt Act on the sacred beach of Dandi, on the 6th of April; the Mahatma's arrest at the dead of night, and imprisonment without trial (May 5, 1931); the heroic martyrdom of the Pathans (Muslim) in Peshawar, five hundred of whom willingly received British bullets into their bare Indian breasts without retaliation, in obedience to the Congress creed of non-violence (April 23, 1931); the enthusiastic *lathi* charges made by the police (British and Indian) upon non-violent breakers of the law; the cheerful submission to *lathi* charges by Indian lads and girls, thousands of whom were maimed; the promulgation of arbitrary ordinances by the Government denying the elementary rights of citizenship; the swift and thorough defiance of each of the ordinances, the no-tax campaign in Gujarat—each a hair-raising scene. The entire scene was dominated by the half-clad saint quietly spinning at his spinning wheel and cheerfully enjoying His Majesty's hospitality behind iron bars. The Mahatma, the central figure of this scene, was a loyalist to the very bones for thirty long years and became an arch-rebel exactly a year after the tragedy of the Jalliamwalla Bagh massacre (Amritsar) perpetrated by General Dyer. In his name, the young and the old cheerfully went to prison; in his name, they cheerfully submitted to the brutal beatings by the police; in his name, they risked and gave up their lives. In his name, the Congress organized the invisible government of the country which, in the opinion of Mr. H. N. Brailsford, was more potent and powerful than the British government of India run by ordinances and *lathis* and bayonets.

Now a brief pause—and a slight change of scenery. The prison-houses are still in the background. Gandhi and the President and members of the Congress Cabinet are released (Jan. 26, 1931). The "delegates" to the Round Table Conference have returned to India. A sight for the gods to see is enacted—two religious men, a Briton in full regalia and an Indian in loincloth, are negotiating the terms of a truce. Each understands the other's point of view and sympathetically appreciates his difficulties. The Gandhi-Irwin Delhi Pact of Truce is signed on March 5, 1931. Immediately dissatisfaction is expressed both in India and in England for exactly opposite reasons: there were Indians who believed that Gandhi capitulated before the Englishman's "wily diplomacy," there were British who believed that Irwin capitulated before the Indian's "religious trickery." Both may be said to have scored a victory. Irwin opened the door to India's willing partnership with England; Gandhi consolidated the Congress position in Indian politics.

A truce literally means a suspension of hostilities between two rivals of more or less equal strength. A truce presupposes the equality of parties concerned. Gandhi and Irwin, in other words, were on a par when they signed the truce, Irwin representing the Government and Gandhi representing the Congress. Which further established the equality of status of the Government and the Congress! And inasmuch as the British Government of the day is an alien bureaucracy and the Congress derives its mandate from the people of India, the case reduces itself to the British Government versus the people of India. And Gandhi is the one and only accredited representative of the Congress, therefore of the people of India.

II

Now the stage is set for the second Act of the Indo-British drama. Preparations are made and cancelled for Gandhi's sojourn to London, thanks to manifest breaches of the truce by governmental authorities. At last, the miracle happens: Lord Willingdon relents, the saint shows his remarkable self-restraint and goes more than half way to win over his antagonists. A special train from Simla to Bombay—and the SS. Rajputana (August 29, 1931).

The sportsmanship of the British is made manifest when the captain hands over to Gandhi the direction of the ship for ten minutes under his guidance in the Red Sea. "I hope I don't capsize the boat and drown everybody," is the smiling response of Gandhi. Marseilles—and French soil. Drizzling, wet, slippery. The Mahatma's loin-cloth and blanket and a pair of sandals afford him all the protection he needs from the inclemencies of weather. Fishermen and workmen quit their work in order to have a good look at the holy man. A hush-hush publicity for Gandhi has been arranged by the British Government. From Marseilles to Paris, from Paris to Boulogne, from Boulogne to Folkestone—and from Folkestone to London in an "official" automobile driven by a high official of the Indian Office. Mr. Gandhi is taken over to the Friends Meeting House where a select group of friends, disciples, and newspapermen, are awaiting him. The saint is in full form. "I understand," saith the holy man innocently, "that the British Government is at present interested in balancing the budget. Let me assure you that you cannot honestly balance the budget without first balancing the relations between India and England." And he expressed his good will for the British people which, one must say, he genuinely feels.

He and his party are quietly and comfortably ensconced at Kingsley Hall on the east side of London. He feels at home with the poor. He is ill at ease in surroundings where life is lived on a lavish scale. Miss Slade (Mirabai), Mr. Pyarelal, Mr. Mahades Desai and Mr. Devidas Gandhi comprise the Mahatma's party. They all live the same routine life of simplicity and hard work that they did in India. Spinning, writing, dictation, interviews, conferences, sleeplessness. It is no bed of roses to be in Gandhi's entourage.

The Mahatma is more cheerful, more gay and more care-free today than he was on the eve of the great Civil Disobedience campaign at the beginning of last year. So far as he is concerned, there is no feeling of suspense. His people have vindicated his trust in them—and today he talks and moves about the world, not as a gambler, but as a man who has forged a sanction behind his demands and who is entrusted with a sacred mandate.

Monday, the 14th—his day of silence—Gandhi attends the first full session of the Federal Structural Committee, unheralded, quiet, without uttering a word. Tuesday, the 15th, the lion roars, not the British lion—this time it is the humble Saint of Sabarmati. The Mahatma, who represents a rare combination of saintliness and statesmanship, looks vacantly into space and in fifty historic minutes delivers the greatest speech of his life. Full freedom for India, partnership with Britain at will, mutual advantages of voluntary association of India and England—he puts foursquare the Congress demand in an awe-inspiring speech.

The hush-hush publicity of the British press notwithstanding, the Mahatma immediately occupies the towering position in the Round Table Conference. Two days later, before the British public has had time to recover from the shock, Gandhi challenges the representative character of the Indian "delegates" who are sitting alongside him at the Conference. "Why, as I studied the list of Indian delegates here," exclaimed the spokesman of the people, "I suddenly realized they were not the chosen ones of the nation, but the chosen ones of the Government." It is significant that this statement of Gandhi's has been contradicted neither by the so-called delegates nor by the British Government.

Now Gandhi is compelled to assume the role of a teacher to his less logically-minded Indian confreres and to the British diplomats who have perhaps, of set purpose, put the cart before the horse, in order to get as little done as possible.

> You have been talking hours today (spoke Gandhi with a gentle rebuke), about the proposed oath of allegiance of the new government. How can I give an opinion on that now? It depends upon what we are getting. If it is complete independence, the oath will be of one character. If it is to be a subject India, then I have no place here.

Cogent words, cogently put.

Gandhi's biting sarcasm has had profound effect upon the British statesmen charged with the duty of piloting the Conference to its destination. Referring to the protracted windy discussions of methods of election and composition of the Legislature, Gandhi pertinently reminds his confreres: "Here we are dealing with subheads when we don't know what franchise we are to get." Explaining his own stand, Gandhi says:

> I am wedded to adult suffrage. Why, I found some of the noblest specimens of humanity among the poorest illiterates. I like them to know their three R's, but if we wait for that, we will wait till the Greek calendar ends. Personally, I'm not prepared to wait that long.

While explaining the method of adult suffrage as evolved by the All-India National Congress, Gandhi permits himself to indulge in a significant digression:

> That reminds me that the government has accused us of establishing a parallel government. We certainly aspire to replace the government and in due course of time take charge of that government.

The statesman in Gandhi is not content with a mere assertion of the Congress point of view and its ultimate destiny. He asks England for a showdown. Indeed, he startles and upsets the staid British politicians and statesmen by telling them bluntly that the entire procedure of the Round Table Conference is wrong. Turning to his neighbor, Lord Sankey, Gandhi asks:

> Might I lodge a gentle, humble complaint against His Majesty's advisers? Having brought the Committee together, knowing we are all busy men, is it not possible for the government to give them a lead? Can't the Government let the Committee know its mind? I would be delighted if it brought forward concrete proposals. Let the Government guide us, give us a lead, and put its cards on the table. If this is done, we can get to some conclusions, be they good or bad. But if members of the Committee simply resolve themselves into a debating society wherein everyone is free to discourse at great length, we will never get anywhere. Perhaps the chairman will bring this to the attention of His Majesty's advisers.

III

The cumulative effect of the first two speeches of Mahatma Gandhi in the first week of the Conference is devastating for the British. No more can the British hope to "kid" the Indians along; no more can they hope to cajole the rest of the world. The Indo-British problem reduces itself simply to a problem of transfer of power from British to Indian hands. All the tall talk about constitution-making is moonshine. Let the

British tell us unequivocally what power they are willing to relinquish immediately and by what stages.

The British theory of the Round Table Conference has been: (1) to pick out a handful of temperamentally and intellectually incompatible Indians; (2) to dub them "representatives" of different interests in India; (3) to enact a show in London wherein these hand-picked Indians dance to the tune played by British diplomacy; (4) to tell the world that the Indians are all out of step among themselves; (5) that the British, on their part, have been trying to find out the lowest common denominator of agreement among the Indians and to embody that in a Parliamentary Bill. On the basis of this theory the first Round Table Conference was a signal success.

It is too bad a monkey-wrench should have been thrown by Gandhi into this smoothly working theory. To flatter their vanity the British are perfectly at liberty to maintain the show running at St. James's. But if they intend to accomplish anything worth while, they ought to negotiate with the one and only man who can speak in the name of all India.

Whatever bogies may be raised in the future, I have not the slightest doubt in my mind that Gandhi's position as the moral and political leader of all India is too strongly entrenched to be dislodged. If the Conference succeeds, it will redound to the credit of India and England. If it fails, it will mean a protracted period of unbalanced British budgets. Let us be clear on one point: The success of the Conference solely depends upon the British offering terms which are acceptable to Gandhi and the Congress.

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

London, England.

P. S. The entire session of the London Round Table Conference is noteworthy primarily for the two important speeches made by Gandhi in the first week of his arrival in London (September 15 and 17, 1931) as reviewed in the above article. The second week was rendered important by the statement of the Secretary of State for India, Sir Samuel Hoare, linking the Indian rupee with the deflated English pound, and Gandhi's rejoinder to it expressing his inability, on behalf of the Congress, "to give the support which the Secretary of State (for India) asks for the measures taken in India" in the teeth of popular opposition in the country.

Immediately the British turned the tables. Instead of becoming a continual target for just critcisms by Gandhi and others, the British diplomatists resorted to a change of venue, thus demonstrating that they are still past masters in the art of diplomacy. The Federal Structure Committee was adjourned, and the so-called Minorities Committee was assembled in the third week, Mr. MacDonald in the chair. The composition of the Minorities Committee and the manner of selection of its personnel by the British government had foredoomed it to failure. The Minorities Committee is composed of: six British, thirteen Muslims, ten Hindus, two Depressed Classes, two Labor, two Sikhs, one Parsee, two Indian Christians, two English (domiciled in India, flamboyantly referred to as Europeans), one Anglo-Indian, three women, a total of forty-four.

Three things are significant. First, the Hindus who, we are told *ad nauseum,* constitute a majority, have ten appointees as against thirteen of the Muslims who constitute one-third of the population of India. Secondly, all so-called delegates are but government nominees—only Mahatma Gandhi goes there with a clearly defined mandate from his people through the All-India National Congress, and even he is there in virtue of his having accepted the invitation of the Prime Minister. Thirdly, of the thirteen Muslims, twelve have been selected for their definitely avowed "communalist" views. The following statement from the *Daily Herald,* London, September 24, 1931, speaks for itself:

> The Nationalist Moslem Party, if there were elections tomorrow would probably capture every Moslem seat in the Councils. The ardent Communal Moslems would be a small minority. . . . It will be an ironic tragedy if the Conference breaks down because a handful of nominated Moslem leaders are far more intransigent than the mass of the community which they profess to represent.

With a packed house it has been easy for the British politicians to enact a show in London calculated to create an impression in the mind of the neutral world that India is disunited, and that for all the good will in the world the British could not part with power in India when the Indians were so divided among themselves. I would ask the people in the outside world not to be exercised over so-called differences between Hindus and Muslims—it is merely a game of British statecraft, fulfilling my apprehensions and prediction set forth in the concluding part of my above article (written in London on September 22, 1931).

The convening of the Minorities Committee was a good way for the British politicians to mark time, innocently waiting and working for the impending elections (held on October 27th, 1931). To make a show before the world that the Round Table was still a going concern, Lord Sankey assembled the Federal Structure Committee in between and dealt with innocuous matters such as the report of the Finance Sub-Committee presided over by Lord Peel and the constitution of a Supreme Court for India. The Finance Sub-Committee's report did not deal with the explosive subject of India's so-called Public Debt nor with other fundamental problems of a kindred nature: instead, it confined itself to a definition of the principles which should govern the financial relations of Provinces and Indian States to the future Federal Government. Likewise did the discussion on the Federal Supreme Court confine itself to mere platitudes.

Now that the Tories have been returned to Parliament in overwhelming numbers, masquerading under the title of the National Government, the issue between India and England becomes more sharply drawn. The problem of the transfer of power from British hands to India, the problem which is responsible for the calling of the Round Table Conference, cannot be shelved much longer. The Tories are apt to go in for a policy of "the mailed fist." India will retort, in the words of Gandhi (uttered at the birthday luncheon in his honor), by "letting flow a Gangesful of blood"—not the blood of our oppressors but the blood of the martyred sons and daughters of Mother India, Hindu, Muslim, Parsee, Sikh, Christian, Jew.

England's failure to satisfy Gandhi's demands at the present critical juncture would sound the death-knell of power and prestige throughout the world.

H. T. M.

New York City.

A Jew Looks at Gandhi

It is both humbling and a source of pride to note that Gandhi, the foremost figure in the world today, is an Easterner and not a Westerner. A source of pride, for we, too, of the House of Israel, are of near-Eastern derivation rather than Westerners, though we have lived in the West for nearly two thousand years! Humbling, on the other hand, it ought to be to all of us to remember that this exalted spiritual figure belongs to none of the three so-called religions of the West, Buddhism, Christianity, Mohammedanism.

The founders were Easterns, too. These faiths, in a sense, have become appropriated by the peoples of the world. Mahatma Gandhi, who seems to be the very spirit of religion at its highest incarnate, is not Jew, nor Christian, nor Mohammed, but a scion of Hinduism, one of the noble religions of the East, of which Westerners know too little, religions which, alas, have had too small a part in shaping the destinies of humankind.

There is something in the directness and uncompromising veracity and immediacy of Gandhi which calls to mind the transcendent figures of Scripture. In the manner of his approach to supreme authority whether in India or in England he speaks as Moses spoke before Pharaoh and, like Moses, he pleads for the emancipation of his people and cherishes no less a purpose than that of Moses to make his people or peoples serve God. Mahatma Gandhi brings to mind the figure of Nathan, speaking with all the terrible power of unafraid truth to the King. Gandhi helps us to feel again that Nathan and Elijah and Jeremiah and Hosea were living beings and not names nor titles.

It is profoundly interesting to know that, even though Gandhi would fain move solely in the realm of the spirit, he finds himself under the necessity of standing out and pleading on behalf of the peoples of India. People trust him, follow him and love him because of the divine simplicity of his spirit, which moves him to stand before the leaders of the mightiest commonwealth of nations and demand that his people be set free. Gandhi sees that bondage must not remain the status of a people, that the West must break the chains and bonds of the East, and that the freedom of his people he craves and demands and will yet achieve, not for the sake of freedom but that his people may tread the highway of the knowledge and love and service of God.

Verily, it is no novel truth which Gandhi has preached and embodied under the term *Satyagraha,* truth-force. Like all of the great spiritual figures of history, he affirms the force of truth and denies the truth of force. His faith in the divine spirit moves him to believe that the lowliest and least of men may embody something of the truth-force within themselves, making them too great to do battle, to wound and to slay. Gandhi seems in his exposition and incarnation of such Satyagraha not only what John Haynes Holmes called him ten years ago, "the greatest man in the world," but the loftiest spiritual figure of generations.

(Rabbi) Stephen S. Wise.

Two Englands

Yes, there are two Englands. India in bondage, has found this out to its sorrow. One of the Englands —that which I like to think of as the *true* one—believes in justice and freedom, not only at home but everywhere else, India included. This is the England of Magna Charta; of Milton and Pym and Hampden; of Pitt and Fox and Burke in 1776, when they demanded justice for the American colonies; of Burke and Sheridan in connection with the trial of Warren Hastings, when they demanded justice for India. It is the England that abolished its slave trade in 1807 and slavery in all British dominions in 1833. It is the England of the Reform Bills. It is the England of such friends of India in the past as Cobden and Bright, Lord Ripon, Mary Carpenter, Professor Fawcett, Charles Bradlaugh, O. A. Hume, Sir William Wedderburn, Sir Henry Cotton, and many others; and it is the England of many friends of India today, both inside and outside of Parliament, and particularly many men connected with the Labor Party.

This England I honor and love. This England India honors and loves. This is the England that has made the name of Britain great. If this England had been in power, India would never have been conquered and reduced to bondage; but would have been dealt with justly, befriended and helped to rise in freedom to an influential place in the world like that of Japan. There is much reason to believe that this England, if in power during the last two years, by offering to the Indian people promptly, generously, courageously, honestly, in absolute good faith freedom and self-government under "Dominion Status" like that of Canada and Australia, could and would retain India as a contented (and, of course, immensely important) member of the British Empire; or as it then might properly be called "The British Commonwealth of Free Peoples."

Unfortunately, there is another England. Unwilling as one may be to confess it, or to have it so, there is an England whose ideals and political principles are almost an exact opposite of those just described. It is the England which fought against Magna Charta; which refused to give justice and freedom to the American colonies in 1776; which has constantly allied itself with militarism and imperialism; which fought two wars to force opium on China; which long held Ireland in bondage; which opposed all efforts to abolish the slave trade and slavery; which has opposed practically all political and social reforms in England, and which today, while giving profuse promises to India of pots of gold at the end of a rainbow, thrusts into prison without trial India's leaders who agitate for freedom, and gives no assurance of any real intention of ever loosening its iron grip upon what King George calls "*My* Indian Empire."

This England I do not love or honor. This England India does not love or honor, and cannot. This England no lover of justice or freedom in the world is able to honor. In my judgment, this England, unless held in check, will create irreparable hostility between the Indian people and Great Britain, and thus make

India a smouldering volcano of unrest, certain in no distant day to burst into an eruption of the most dangerous possible character.

In other words, I believe that this imperialistic, might makes right England, if kept in power, will as certainly lose India to Britain, as the rising of the sun. The men at this England's head are the Lord Norths of our time, who are driving India to revolution, just as Lord North and George III in 1776 drove the American colonies to revolution. And India's revolution, if it comes, will be sympathized with by all Asia and by all intelligent lovers of liberty in the entire world. And there will be no possibility of its being put down. India will emerge a free, independent and great nation, wholly independent of Britain.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Political Situation in India

Governmentally there are two theories regarding the British dominance of India. One is the old-fashioned liberal doctrine of trusteeship, to the effect that Britain holds India primarily for India's good and is tutoring her in the direction of independence. Many persons feel positively self-righteous, even pious, over this doctrine of trusteeship. But the difficulty is that this doctrine is used chiefly to make good people feel comfortable, while the second theory actually does the business; and the principle of the second theory is that Britain holds India by force for Britain's good. There can be but little doubt that this is the theory actually functioning. India's good would have required the development of her mercantile marine; but in fact vessels employing Indian sailors were forbidden entry into Britain's ports and so the Indian mercantile marine was gradually put out of business. India's good would have required the development of her industry; but in fact excise in India and high duties, sometimes even prohibition of Indian goods in England, were in force while English-made goods flowed practically duty-free into the ports of India. Hence, many people were driven back to the already crowded soil. India's good would have required that her sons develop business ability; but in fact her sons were forbidden to engage in foreign, and for a while even in inter-provincial, trade, which tended to make of Indians clerks instead of free merchants. India's good would have required that her educational system be improved; but in fact it has been allowed to deteriorate. In Bengal alone, according to J. N. Sen Gupta, the number of village schools has decreased under British rule from eighty thousand to forty thousand.[1] In these and many other ways has the rule of Britain in India demonstrated that the rule is for Britain's, not India's, good. Sir William Joynson-Hicks was realist enough to say:

> We did not conquer India for the benefit of the Indians. I am not such a hypocrite as to say that we hold India for the benefit of the Indians. We hold it as the finest outlet for British goods in general, and for Lancashire goods in particular.

Yes, Abraham Lincoln was right. "No nation is good enough to rule another."

Politically India is divided into British India and the native states. British India comprises about two-thirds of the territory and three-fifths of the population, while the native states comprise one-third of the territory and two-fifths of the population.

The administration of India heads up in London in a department known as the Secretary of State for India. The direct administration is by the Viceroy who is appointed by the British government. Since 1919 there has been a general assembly which, like a similar one in the Philippines, possesses the shadow but not the substance of power.

Native states are allowed to play at self-government as long as they are harmless to British interests. There are some seven hundred native states, but only twenty or thirty of any consequence. Hyderabad in Central India is regarded as the premier native state and is certainly the most lavishly oriental in royal accoutrements. Mysore, in the South, is said to be one of the best governed, its prince being a man of real parts.

The native states are advised by a British officer called a "resident" and are strictly limited in their doings. For instance, my permit, like those of all foreigners, to visit the palace of the Maharajah of Rajputana had to be secured not from the Maharajah, as one would expect, but from the British "resident." When a prince dies without an heir or when his conduct is notoriously bad, the native state is annexed to British India. A sort of chamber of princes has been formed for the purpose of correlating the native states with the distinctly British territory. But most of the larger princes object to participating in its councils, due chiefly to their unwillingness to sit as equals with lesser princes.

There is difference of testimony and opinion as to the competency of the government of the native states in comparison with British India. Manifestly it would be unfair to compare the results of a ruler who is strictly limited by the paramount power to those of the paramount power itself. Nevertheless, it may be said that some of the native states, notably Mysore, are administered as well if not better than British India. In the native state of Rajputana there seemed to me to be more of the buoyancy of life than I saw elsewhere. In this state there has long been in existence a form of government whereby the heads of retiring departments form a governing council, a sort of "elder statesmen" idea.

It was contemplated in the 1919 reforms that within ten years a special commission should advise the British government what additional reforms in the direction of self-government should be inaugurated. The Simon Commission was the result. But, in the first place, the 1919 reforms came too late for psychological effect; and, in the second place, in the interim new aspirations and new leaders came upon the scene and with them at once tragedy and hope. The name of Gandhi became a household word and the spinning wheel the symbol of freedom. So when the Simon Commission made up of seven Englishmen appeared in India, it was met with opposition, boycott, and riots. The Indian National Congress and other Indian organizations demanded that dominion status be granted immediately. Such status, had it been granted in the latter part of 1929, might have satisfied the more mod-

1. Address before the 1928 Indian National Congress.

erate old-school Indian reformers and for a while stayed the rising tide of complete independence. But that hope is now gone. And the publication of the Simon report justified the fears of the more radical Indian nationalists.

That India has been for some time on the verge of revolution must be evident to any careful observer of the Indian state of mind. One of the chief causes[2] of discontent is the failure of the British government to make good the war-time ideals of the allies as proclaimed by Woodrow Wilson in his famous Fourteen Points and other utterances in so far as they seemed applicable to India—especially the doctrine of self-determination. The Indians supported the allies with both men and money. Gandhi urged those who believed in war to enlist in the service. For some unknown reason the Indians thought that war-time loyalty would bring peace-time liberty. But with the coming of peace came disillusionment. Britain met the Indian hope of freedom with the Rowlett Act, which provided in certain instances for the suppression of such basic civil liberties as freedom of speech, press, and person. National days of mourning followed and the whole country was stirred to the depths. And, although Gandhi, now completely disillusioned, called for a non-violent boycott of the Rowlett Act, violent disturbances broke out in various parts of the country. Crowds which refused to disperse were fired upon by the military. In Amritsar two days of total suspension of work were observed, one on the 13th of March and the other on the 6th of April, 1919. On the 9th of April two leading nationalists were ordered from the city. The people protested and were fired upon by the police and a number killed. A bad situation resulted in which a number of English lives were lost; but with the help of the Indians themselves order was restored. General Dyer then appeared upon the scene and ordered that no public assembly should take place. On the 13th of April at ten o'clock in the morning, General Dyer was told that at about four-thirty a mass meeting would be held. He made no effort to prevent the meeting. At four o'clock he was told that the meeting was then being held in what had been a garden, a rectangular plot enclosed by mud walls, surrounded by tall buildings and possessing only a few narrow approaches. Immediately he took fifty soldiers, armed with rifles and two armored cars and marched to the meeting place. The armored cars were left outside one of the narrow approaches. The general and his soldiers entered the enclosure and found a peaceful, unarmed crowd of some ten thousand persons listening to a public address. Within thirty seconds after his arrival, without ordering the throng to disperse, he directed his men to fire into the heart of the crowd. The firing continued for ten minutes, until the last bit of ammunition was exhausted. Panic prevailed, men and women trampled upon each other and cried in agony. On the ground lay twelve hundred wounded and three hundred and seventy-five dead. Of the wounded many died because the curfew law was not suspended to enable help to come to the rescue. General Dyer said that there could be "no question of undue severity," for he was providing a moral lesson for the entire district; and, although the British House of Commons approved the Secretary of State's censure of General Dyer, the House of Lords passed a motion condoning his action.

Following the Amritsar massacre, the administration of martial law in the Punjab wrote one of the blackest chapters in human history. Men and women were flogged publicly, made to crawl, and submitted to other indignities. Students were compelled to walk sixteen miles a day for roll call. Children from five to seven years of age were compelled to attend parades and salute the flag of the oppressor. Planes, Lewis guns, and other implements of scientific warfare were used against unarmed citizens.

Similar occurrences have been numerous in connection with the more recent crushing of the non-violent program of Gandhi and his followers.

But a more fundamental cause of discontent is the general attitude of the representatives of the foreign government toward the natives. Humiliation seems to be the order of the day. With rare exceptions the oppressors lose no opportunity to impress upon the Indians their abject position. An Indian guest of my party was not allowed to eat in one of the chief hotels of Calcutta because he wore the dress of his native land. For every pain suffered by the bodies of the Indians, their souls have suffered treble. Words cannot describe the depression of the Indian soul. While in India I counted it my chief duty to restore as far as I could by public address and private contacts their spiritual powers of self-determination.

These causes of discontent are operating with precision, and in my judgment Britain will not be able permanently to hold India even as a dominion. Dominion status has been so long withheld that the more conservative Indians are now joining the ranks of the advocates of complete freedom. Increasingly the Hindus and Mohammedans are uniting their forces for freedom. I saw them marching arm in arm into rioting districts singing "Long live Hindu-Moslem unity!" Young men are coming from the schools and bringing with them vision and skill and determination.

The American attitude toward India's aspiration for freedom should be actively sympathetic. We have the feel for liberty. We ourselves were once in somewhat the position the Indians now are. Our "tea party" was not unlike their "salt parties." We have immortalized Lafayette and will never forget the French for the aid we received in our struggle for liberty. Having become free ourselves, we developed a strong belief in our special mission to free the world. With the coming of great prosperity came a measure of forgetfulness, but the times are now ripe for a rebirth of American idealism. We should make our voice heard mightily in the councils of the nations and it should be a voice ringing loud and clear against oppression anywhere and for liberty everywhere. CURTIS W. REESE.

2. Savel Zimand, "Living India."

A warrior loves to die, not on a sick bed but on the battlefield. Death is at any time blessed, but is twice blessed for a warrior who dies for his cause, i. e., truth.

* * *

Man is not made in the image of God; it is God who is made in the image of man.

It is my duty to be in good understanding with all men. If they walk in the way of God's will, my interference with them would be in itself reprehensible; and if otherwise, they are under the malady of ignorance and deserve my compassion.

—*Gandhi.*

India in American Eyes

America's interest in the Indian movement for independence is widespread and intense. It is also rapidly growing. Reasons for such interest are not far to seek.

In the first place, at the bottom of the scale, is America's commercial interest in a foreign market. The manufacturer and industrialist see, or think they see, in the millions of India an enormous mass of potential buyers of goods at a time when America's prosperity is increasingly dependent upon the disposal abroad of surplus produce at home. American business men want this market developed, these people stirred to new ambitions and higher loyalties. If political freedom can accomplish this desirable end, then America is all for freedom. This interest in India's welfare is obviously superficial and selfish, and may well be finally disappointed, since a free India will best know how to serve the peculiar material needs of her own people, but its influence at the present moment is real.

Secondly, there is the natural interest of the American public in any people's struggle for liberty. It must be admitted that this public is far removed today from the romanticism of early American life—it is tainted with sophistication, worldliness, and hard-shell practicality. But still abides the sacred memory of the American Revolution, and the tradition of freedom not merely for ourselves but other men. The parallel between colonial America and present-day India is too striking to be ignored. What America won early, India is now seeking later, freedom from the thraldom of the same great Empire. It is thus the logic of destiny that America should support India. If she has not herself been guiltless of offence against weak and helpless peoples, the more sensitive is her conscience to ideals which she has not fully served.

Again, America is interested in India from the religious point of view. Long since, America discovered the spiritual genius of the Indian people, and the secrets of the soul which this genius has revealed. The great prophets of India, from Buddha to those of our own day, are no longer strange or unfamiliar names. Here are springs from which have flowed for centuries the streams of living water. Surely a people thus dowered with the highest gifts of the spirit must be rid of political subjection. If we resent the thought of a Jesus subservient to Rome, why should we not resent the thought of a Gandhi subservient to Britain.

This leads to the fourth and last and greatest reason for America's interest in India and her cause. This reason, of course, is Gandhi, who has caught the imagination and stirred the wonder of Americans as of all other peoples of the world. The discipline of the Mahatma's life, the beauty of his spirit, the sincerity of his purpose, the heroism of his devotion, the range of his compassion, above all, his discovery and application to a vast social problem of the sacred principle of Satyagraha, or Soul-force—the conquest of one's enemy not by violence but by love—these things have touched the hearts of millions in America as in India. Gandhi's life has achieved not only a new standard of virtue but also a new order of statesmanship. The English historian, John Richard Green, called George Washington "the noblest figure that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life." In Mahatma Gandhi we see today a still nobler figure, whose leadership is at once that of his own people and of all humanity. Alone of living men he has found the way of deliverance from the world's besetting ills. Americans no more than other men will see this saviour of mankind forever frustrated within his own beloved land.

It is for reasons such as these that America is interested in India's cause. I believe in the integrity and idealism of American public opinion. So far as that opinion is concerned, India's cause is secure.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Changing India

A layman who travels for the first time in this country today for the purpose of studying the conditions and the people of the different provinces is much struck by the lovely dales, the green pastures, the fine meadows and the excellent fields as well as the panoramic view of the several cities which he sees from the train. An instinct in him makes him feel that what he has heard and read from others in the past is no longer true, since he finds personally that conditions are changing rapidly. Everywhere in India, in villages and towns, on the roads and the streets, the name of Mahatha Gandhi, the saintly soul of Sabarmati, is spoken by the peasants, farmers, officials, nonofficials, by one and all alike. They say that he is the emblem of unity, the symbol of purity, the gospel of truth, who has made a name and a fame in the present history of India like those great men in the past who lived and died and who toiled for justice and truth.

In my recent tour in the north I found that the work of Mr. Gandhi has been spreading to an extent which is not possible to describe but which has caused many to leave their houses, and to sacrifice everything which they possess, in obedience to the call of the country, and willingly enter the jails on account of disobeying the laws and regulations that are in vogue in India today under the present system of British government. The boycott of foreign cloth, the boycott of liquor shops and the boycotts of colleges and universities have taken a serious turn in the North. Rich and poor, high and low, men and women, boys and girls pass and parade the streets in procession, singing hymns of political freedom, quietly picketing the places referred to in a manner which may not harass or prejudice anybody.

But the authorities of the benign British Government use all the weapons they can command, to give as much trouble and danger as possible in dispersing the crowds as members of unlawful assemblies. Many women workers are in prison today. Arrests are taking place constantly and people are sent to jail by the hundreds. Pandit Madan Mohan Malavya, the prince of Moderates, was recently sentenced to pay a fine of Rs 100 and in default to undergo 15 days imprisonment for leading a procession through one of the prohibited

areas in Bombay. The fine was paid by somebody without his knowledge and he has been set at liberty. The treatment accorded to political prisoners is not satisfactory. Meanwhile, peace negotiations with Mr. Gandhi and the two Nehrus are taking place* and the public is watching with interest the developments.

L. N. GUBIL SANDARESAN.

Trichinopoly, India.

*After this article was written the peace negotiations broke down, and the long, hard struggle continued.—Editor.

Practical Implications of Satyagraha*

Man is essentially an animal and in many cases it is impossible to distinguish the nature and character of a human being from that of a brute beast. The line of demarcation is indeed faint. It is by a very gentle gradation that we reach the heights of spirituality. The majority of human beings hardly ever attempt to breathe the pure air of the higher regions and are content to remain on solid earth. Animals settle their differences by force, that is, by an appeal to the sense of touch—the feeling of pleasure and pain on the body. The one that is capable of inflicting the greatest pain on its opponent succeeds in keeping away its rivals. Might was right. In early days of man's development he still followed this method but as he advanced in civilization there were other things that brought about pain besides injury to the physical body. He began to appropriate material objects and called it wealth and this in turn brought about distinctions of birth and position. These yielded him pleasure and depriving him of these caused pain. The wealthy and the high born began to lord it over the poor and the lowly. The criterion had shifted from strength to wealth and position. When the standard was strength individuals settled their differences by combats and duels. This system held its own until recently when these methods were made illegal and society took upon itself to adjudicate by an appeal to wealth and position—by fines and imprisonments. In both these ways society seeks to inflict pain on the erring one and the appeal is subjective as in the case of brute force. It is also limited in its application. It only works where there is to be found some measure of acquisition and pride, and when it comes to the lowest stages it is powerless. Many a criminal commits a crime seeking imprisonment so that he may not starve. He has nothing to lose by going to prison and he has everything to gain. In such cases society reverts back to the first stage and appeals to his physical pain and orders flogging. This is all to do with the regulation of individual life.

When we come to consider group life, we always notice a lag. The group does not advance at the same rate as individuals. Differences between two groups are settled still on the basis of the first stage—by an appeal to brute force. The object is to inflict physical pain on the group. In international disputes might still holds the whip hand. The motives for advancement are material gains and pride of place. As between nations we are yet in the brute stage of development. Nation vies with nation in arming itself to the teeth. The wealth of the people is being burnt away in smoke and explosives. A large percentage of the expenditure incurred by governments is for organized and mechanized murder, euphemistically termed "Defence." They have reduced to a scientific basis the slaughter of innocents. The victims are led to their fate under various dopes labeled "King and Country." Most of the so-called advanced nations of the West are in the grip of such brutish and sub-brutish ideals. The motivating force is called "Imperialism" and the object is to add to one's possessions.

An advance on this primitive stage was conceived by the formation of the League of Nations which is an attempt to introduce into group life conditions of regulation prevailing in individual life, settlement of disputes by argument and moral persuasion with the final threat of outlawry held out to the recalcitrant member. This attempt has not made much headway as it does not tackle the problem at its vital parts. The nations are not democratic enough yet to be sufficiently sensitive to be regulated by such an appeal.

All these methods appeal to the selfishness in man and to his susceptibility to pain physically or humiliation socially and so are subjective in their nature. They degrade both the combatants to the brute level and often even below that. They leave behind them a rancorous bitterness seldom softened with passage of time. The successful and victorious one under such circumstances is almost always conscious of having wronged the other party and is living in constant expectation of a reprisal and is never at ease. Wrongs cannot be remedied by such methods nor can we look that way for peace and brotherhood. That way lies murder, pillage, famine and pestilence.

All these years man had in his possession one potent way lying latent with him. He had not developed it on a large scale. It has been used occasionally in the past but seldom on a universal scale. This way is the way of love. God is love, and this is a divine way. God is omnipotent and so is this. God is omnipresent and *Satyagraha* is universal in its application. It is best used where the cord of love is strongest—father to son, mother to daughter, and husband to wife. Wherever there is a human heart there *Satyagraha* can be practised. It ennobles public life, it purifies political life, and it widens national life. Love is all pervading and *Satyagraha* works everywhere. It is but natural under the prevailing atmosphere that our attention should center round the political sphere.

Then what is the nature of this instrument and wherein lies its secret? Unlike all other methods we have seen so far, *Satyagraha* is objective. It does not look at the effects it produces on the one offering it, but seeks to elicit certain qualities from the one "attacked." The incidence of pain and suffering is shifted from the attacked to the attacker. The "strong ones" in a *Satyagraha* are those with the greatest powers of endurance. This accounts for the attraction *Satyagraha* has for women. In a world regulated by *Satyagraha* men will form the "weaker sex." The spread of *Satyagraha* implies the domination of women. Women are coming into their own. This fact also accounts for the curious phenomenon we observe in our country to-

**Satyagraha*—literally truth-force or soul-force, as contrasted with physical force, or violence.

day. The erstwhile "purdah ladies" form the crack regiment of our national militia and are arraigned in the thickest of the fight for freedom.

The secret of *Satyagraha* lies in the fact that it appeals not to the senses, but to the highest in man. It does not compel the opponent to yield because he can do nothing else, but strives to elicit the noblest in him, and allows him to act on his own and not under a duress. You can beat a child into doing what you want for fear of the cane. This often produces evil effects on his moral character as he may still want to do what he originally wished to do out of your sight. But if you appeal to the highest in him and convince him that what he was about to do was wrong then it is immaterial whether you are near or far he will never do that which he knows to be wrong. The way of force is patch work and when the tear comes, its second state will be worse than the first. Force builds on sand but love builds on rock. As long as world peace is based on force it will be in an unstable equilibrium only to be upset by the least disturbance but a world founded on satyagraha can weather safely the severest of international disturbances. With the mechanization of warfare the word "peace" bids fair to disappear from our dictionaries, if even, what is termed civilization continues to exist for a while. Under the regime of force the vanquished is humiliated but under *Satyagraha* both parties retain their honor and if anything their later relationship is closer and more pleasing than the first. *Satyagraha* maintains the dignity of man both during and after the struggle.

There has been a great deal of talk of disarmament. Resolutions and conferences can achieve nothing as long as the principle of appeal to force continues. The best way to disarm any one is to remove the point of attack. Extract the fangs, the cobra becomes a harmless worm. As long as people fear pain, poverty and position the one who can raise these specters is the one who holds the field. Banish these and the mightiest dreadnought will not sell for scrap iron. This is the central idea of the frailest of men who has not even a sufficiency of fat to cover his skeleton but who, at this moment, holds at bay the mightiest of empires the world has ever seen. We see this secret clearly when we analyze the eleven cardinal observances of Gandhi's *Ashram.*

The first two—truth and love—are the governing factors; the third and fourth—chastity and control of the palate—are directed towards eliminating pain or subduing pleasure; the fifth and the sixth—non-stealing and poverty—are to banish the glamor of wealth; the seventh and the tenth—physical labor and removal of untouchability—aim at leveling society and eradicating the evils of birth and place. The other three—*swadeshi,* fearlessness and tolerance—are results. When we eliminate wealth, pleasure and position from our outlook and become immune to poverty, pain and low estate we extract the fangs of the dragon of violence that is stalking the world today. I do not see in the present struggle India merely fighting for her freedom, but a contest of far reaching effects—for the mastery of soul force over physical violence, of spiritual values over materialism, of universal brotherhood over imperialism. If this succeeds, man vindicates his dignity as a human being and we shall shout "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" But if we fail—which God forbid—man sinks to the level of brute beasts for centuries yet to come.

Satyagraha is not a passive force, as many imagine. It is mightier than the might of the implements of wholesale murder. It does not spit out blood and fire but delights in truth and non-violence which are of its very essence. It may not be as spectacular as the dropping of bombs and booming of cannon nevertheless its effects are everlasting. It does not destroy life but it trains its armour on all that is immoral and aims at uplifting society. It does not leave a trail of sorrow, suffering and distress in its wake. Many mistake non-violence to signify lack of energy. Mental, moral and spiritual non-violence taxes the most dynamic persons. We have to be non-violent both in thought and deed. This does not imply using soft words and comfortable language and bearing injustice passively resigning oneself to fate. We have to be strong and fearless in the denunciation of wrong wherever we may find it. The real criterion of non-violence is the absence of the will to inflict pain. Pleasant words may be spoken with a view to causing pain. This is violence. The harshest words spoken against evil with a pure intention of pointing out the wrong cannot be called violent without a perversion of the meaning of the term. We have to probe ceaselessly and untiringly into the evils that are eating away the manliness of the nation even though such bringing to light may be painful to those who are the victims. Where pain is caused incidentally in an attempt to remove an evil it is wrong to term that violence. The surgeon's lancet is not an instrument of violence while he who says to his brother, "Thou fool," is in danger of hell fire. A frowning face may pierce deeper than steel. What is said may be nothing but the way it is said may lead to murders. It is the intention behind the deed that matters.

It is not possible to consider the practical implications of *Satyagraha* without a reference to the alternative—War. Those of us who have witnessed at close quarters the carnage in Europe between 1914 and 1918 know what devastation violence wrought to humanity. Even in England which was comparatively remote from the front, people lived under nerve racking conditions. London was itself within the terror stricken area. Several went mad with fright. Before even the advent of conscription all kinds of social pressure was used to impress young men into the fighting forces. The coming of conscription only saw most humiliating and pathetic sights of men living in hiding to avoid the slaughter house of Europe. A social organization that allows of the cruelties of fox hunting and stag hunting turned its attention to man hunting. Only the other day I read of a hind being hunted and after a run of about twenty-four miles, the wretched animal, out of sheer exhaustion, got into a public house, where the landlord held it till the dogs arrived to tear it to pieces. The worst part of the story is, that amongst the hunters were three English women and they witnessed the final scene. This is narrated by the Manchester *Guardian* without a word of protest but on the other hand states it to be a record run. Can we wonder when women, the custodians of kindness and gentleness in a race, descend to this, that our Christian missionaries stand unmoved at the *lathi* charges? These merciless stag-hunting tactics were used against men to catch

them to be blown to smithereens in the fields of Flanders and France. The men often marched to the trenches to avoid the ignominy and death that awaited them if they turned back. There are innumerable instances of officers being shot through the back by their own men. The whole gory traffic in the lives of men degraded man below the level of brutes. And today we find the coarsening caused by the orgy of murders that took place under the plea of making the world safe for democracy. The fineness of feeling for one's fellows has worn away and the sense of humanitarian considerations follows different standards.

From this tale of violence, let us turn to one of the "fronts" in our "war" for freedom. Anyone who visited the villages of Gujarat, when the no-tax campaign was going on, could not fail to be impressed by the nobility of human nature that was in evidence on all sides. The people had not been recruited at the point of the bayonet and their discipline was not one of fear of those who lead them. They were drawn by cords of love which emanated from behind the prison bars of Yeravda. Their faith in the cause had made them abandon their dear homes of their own accord. In the midst of all that made for misery they went about with a joyful countenance. The effect of *Satyagraha* is elevating. It builds up the character of the fighters and raises them to the highest level their natures are capable of. But for the coarsening effect the world war had on the belligerent nations, the influence of the *Satyagraha* would have been felt sooner. The hardened hearts take longer to melt. But our faith in the ultimate goodness of human nature persuades us to believe in the ultimate triumph of *Satyagraha*. The greater the range between the parties, the longer it takes to achieve its end.

As regards ourselves we are sure we can attain *Swaraj* (independence) only when the nation is purified of evils and is relieved of handicaps. The *Satyagrahi* should not be self-centered; he seeks the welfare of his neighbors, especially the poor and the helpless. Our program ought not to harm anyone but should be beneficial to all parties engaged in this struggle.

J. C. KUMARAPPA.*

Ahmedabad, India.

*Editor of Gandhi's Young India during the period of Gandhi's imprisonment.

The Study Table

Gandhi's Own Story Continued

It was something over a year ago that Gandhi's devoted English friend, Mr. C. F. Andrews, published his condensed version of the Mahatma's world-famous autobiography, "The Story of My Experiments With Truth." Mr. Andrews called the volume which he edited, and published in this country and in England, "Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story." In the preface to this volume, Mr. Andrews pointed out that "the most prolonged and intricate of all his resistance struggles, undertaken in the Transvaal, has been reluctantly omitted from this book." He went on to say that he had "given at some length the picture of the Natal passive resistance which was the crown of his (Gandhi's) moral achievement in South Africa," but the fact still remains that this mighty episode in Gandhi's life did not appear. Realizing the seriousness of this omission, Mr. Andrews made a compact with his readers to present it in a "later publication." This was all the more proper, indeed altogether fitting, in view of the fact that Gandhi himself had already treated the South African story in a separate volume, published in India at the same time with his autobiography, under the title "Satyagraha in South Africa," which has been duly reviewed in these columns.

Mr. Andrews now makes good his promise by the publication of his new book,* "Mahatma Gandhi At Work," with the sub-title, "His Own Story Continued." This volume is the last of the trilogy of books to the preparation of which Mr. Andrews has given himself with such self-forgetting devotion in recent years. The three books—"Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story," "Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas," and the present volume under review—present a complete and wellnigh perfect picture of the greatest man now living in the world. "Mahatma Gandhi At Work," it may be said, is largely taken from "Satyagraha in South Africa," with the addition of certain chapters from the autobiography and a single chapter from "Hind Swaraj." There is added a series of appendices gathered from other and fugitive sources.

This volume about South Africa is infinitely precious because it tells us in Gandhi's own words the dramatic story of the determinative period in his life. All too few people ever remember that Gandhi found himself and his cause not in India at all but in the twenty years of his sojourn from 1894 to 1914 in the Transvaal. Here, where he went on a chance legal mission, he came face to face for the first time with the color prejudice which had long been inherent in the Boer Republic. Outraged by the discriminations and insults visited upon his fellow-countrymen, and himself a startled victim of these insults, he made a high resolve to devote his life to the work of liberation, and for two decades, at the cost of bitter suffering and cruel sacrifice, more than once at the peril of his life, he organized and led the movement for the liberation of the South African Hindus. It is a part of the irony of life that Gandhi conducted his revolt in its later stages not against stupid and conservative reactionaries but against statesmen of the liberal stature of Botha and Smuts. Indeed, there is a striking parallel in the fact that it was the great liberal, General Smuts, who imprisoned Gandhi in South Africa and the great Socialist, Ramsay MacDonald, who imprisoned him in India.

Gandhi tells his story clearly, fully, and with characteristic gentleness of spirit. Yet there is acid in his narrative—he has forgiven but not forgotten! No tale could be more simple nor sincere than this, nor any more heroic. To most readers, the technique of passive resistance as here described, and its triumphant success when practiced by humble and patient souls under inspired leadership, will constitute the most notable feature of the volume. Indeed, this book must take perpetual rank as one of the classics in the literature of

*"Mahatma Gandhi at Work," edited by C. F. Andrews. Published by the Macmillan Company. $2.50.

non-resistance. Furthermore, it is to be noted that what Gandhi did in South Africa on a small scale and in a limited area, he is now doing on a vast scale and in the continental area of India itself. In other words, what Gandhi learned through rigorous experience in his youth he is now putting into practice in his mature years as the leader of his people in their great struggle for independence from the British crown. This book therefore is a chapter in world history.

This review cannot fairly be brought to a close without paying tribute to Mr. Andrews. No more self-effacing man has ever lived. Here in this book, and the two preceding books which have come from his editorial pen, is the labor of years not for himself but for him whom he reverences as Master. May not the lovely spiritual union between the Indian, Gandhi, and his English friend, C. F. Andrews, be taken as a happy augury of the ultimate union in mutual respect and affection which will some day be joined between the Indian and the English peoples as equal partners in an association of brotherhood and peace!

J. H. H.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 146)

ton, some were spinning and some were weaving."

It was not long before the effects of this movement began to make themselves felt in England. As the American fabrics gained in excellence and the spinners and weavers in America proceeded from the manufacture of coarse goods to the finer stuffs coming within effective range of competition of the finer fabrics of England, "a cry went up from the manufacturers in England and the pressure became heavier and heavier affecting every colony from Massachusetts to Georgia." This, however, only stiffened the resolve of the colonists to become completely independent of England in the matter of their clothing.

As early as 1640 the courts of Massachusetts and Connecticut had promulgated two orders to increase the cultivation of flax. Orders were now issued to prepare lists of colonists who were skilful in carding cotton, spinning and weaving and requiring that boys and girls be taught to spin. Every family was required to spin a certain quota of flax or to pay a fine and prizes were instituted for the best spinners and weavers.

In the meantime hand-made goods had reached a high stage of perfection in Europe and were very much in request among the wealthier classes of America, who imitated the styles set in London and thus helped to send larger and larger sums of money out of the country for the purchase of foreign fineries. As the restrictive laws against the colonists were made more and more stringent and affronts accumulated the sentiment against the use of British luxuries grew with it and to put a stop to the drain, the weavers of New England now took to importing cotton from the West Indies because the long staple cotton from the West Indies was much better suited for the manufacture of fine cloth than the short fibre of the colonies. The industry made such a rapid headway that presently there was hardly any cotton left to be exported to England.

In his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1766 that desired to ascertain whether the colonies could really clothe themselves without the aid of England, Benjamin Franklin alluded not only to the increasing manufacture of wool in addition to linen, but said of the people in the populous state of Virginia, "their winters are short, and very severe; *and they can very well clothe* themselves with linen and cotton of their *own raising for the rest of the year.*" And in 1786 Jefferson was able to report that in the four southernmost states . . . the poor were almost entirely clothed in cotton winter and summer. "In winter they wear shirts of it and outer clothing of cotton and wool mixed. In summer their shirts are linen but the outer clothing cotton. The dress of the women is almost entirely of cotton manufactured by themselves, except the higher class, and even many of these wear a good deal of homespun cotton. It is as well manufactured as the calicoes of Europe."

When the Revolutionary War broke out the people of America found themselves driven to rely entirely on their own resources for all the manufactured goods. This gave a great impetus to both the cultivation of cotton and the manufacture of cotton goods, and increased the demand for wool and linen. In 1775 the Assemblies of both South Carolina and Virginia exhorted the people to cultivate more cotton and flax. At the same time societies were organized for the purpose of encouraging home manufacturing. Women refused to wear the silk imported from England; congregations of men and women would come together, "and while they spun and wove and carded, the minister preached to them the necessity of economy in the home."

Every farmer's daughter, we are told by a historian, was taught not only to weave as well as to spin, but to weave better and to spin finer. The sound of the loom and the buzz of the spinning wheel in every farmer's home told of the industry. Men and boys who were not in the army learned the art. Legislators encouraged it, and requested families to supply enough clothing for the soldiers in the field. Vast quantities of homespun cloth were made on the plantations. Hundreds of yards were made annually at Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, and it is told of Martha Washington: "That she always carefully dyed all her worn silken gowns and silk scraps to a desired shade. After ravelling them with care, she wound them on bobbins, and had them woven into chair and cushion covers. To a group of visitors she one time displayed a dress of red and white striped material, of which the white stripes were ravelled chair covers and silk from the General's worn out stockings." That the instance of Martha Washington was not an isolated one but reflected the general spirit that prevailed among the elite is evidenced by a contemporary's comment on this incident, that this dress "in all probability was as pretty as that stolen from Mrs. Benjamin Franklin."

A special feature of the movement was spinning demonstrations that were held to mark events of national importance. In 1789 on hearing of the adoption of the constitution between thirty and forty young ladies met at the house of a certain minister, taking their wheels with them, and spent the day in spinning. At the close of the day a prize was given to the best spinner, "after which the minister delivered a profitable discourse." A favorite text for such occasions was taken from Exodus xxxv, 25: "And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen."

It is again related that forty-three ladies met on a certain day in the State House of East Greenwich, Rhode Island, and spent the day in "spinning and while they spun, the young gentlemen waited on them and served wine and cake."

A powerful movement was set on foot to prevent the importation of British manufactures into America and Non-importation societies sprang up everywhere. The seaport towns were urged to join the movement. Societies for the encouragement of home manufactures were also organized on a large scale. The members of the society formed in Delaware pledged themselves to appear on the 1st of January of each year clothed in home-spun goods and the graduates of Harvard College in Massachusetts stood up to take their degrees, clad in New England black cloth. Young society women no longer thought it a disgrace to wear home-manufactured clothes and they became proficient in the art of spinning, "Priscilla being none the less attractive to the John Aldens of the day by reason of her use of the wheel, to excel in which was the pride of every lass and matron." Young men took special pride in being seen in home-spun stockings that came above the knees, and home-made jeans. Politicians boasted of the fact that they cared only for home-manufactured goods, and held up to ridicule those who still bought their goods in London. Washington's army was nicknamed "The Homespuns," an epithet, however, which they regarded as a compliment and adopted with pride. When George Washington stood forth to take the oath of office, as the first President of the United

States, he was, we are told, clad from head to foot in garments the material for which was made in America, a large part being made at Mount Vernon; and John Adams, on his way to take the oath as Vice-President, was presented by the society of Hartford with a roll of cloth made from the Hartford looms.

The boycott of British cloth proved so effective that the imports from England to all the colonies fell off to a very serious extent, showing a decline from £2,378,000 worth of goods in 1768 to £1,634,000 worth in 1769. Yet it was not the economic loss inflicted on England as a result of the boycott so much as the spirit of self-help, co-operation and unity that the organization of home-manufacturing engendered among the American people—"the women grew to love their looms as companions in the conflict, and they wove their prayers and love into cloth"—that told in the end. And we have the testimony of men like Cassie Hardwick and Prof. Brooks that if the colonies in 1775 had been as dependent on England for food, clothing, and shelter, as in the few years just after the first settlements, there would have been no Revolutionary War, "for there would have been but little, if any, independent political thinking."

What the Americans claimed was the right to make their own clothes, to exchange where they pleased their own surplus foodstuffs, to sell where they pleased and to buy where they pleased, and when the mother country tried to interfere with this elementary right it roused the national sentiment of self-respect to such a pitch that they forthwith resolved to throw off the humiliating foreign yoke and to declare their complete independence of Great Britain. An illustration of the temper of the times is furnished by the replies which Benjamin Franklin gave to his questioners who were considering the repeal of the Stamp Act when he appeared before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1776.

"What used to be the pride of Americans?" Franklin was asked.

"To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain," he answered.

"What is now their pride?" he was next asked.

"To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones," he replied.

While Franklin the pioneer in thought was uttering these memorable words in England, George Washington, the hero of action, was trying to give to the idea a practical shape on his estate in Virginia. The entries in the records of his weaving establishment show that in 1767 he manufactured clothing goods for 28 different persons besides himself and Mrs. Washington, making a total of 1,556 yards, of which about 300 yards were of cotton, including "cotton striped, cotton-plain, cotton-filled, cotton-bird-eye, cotton-Jumpstripe and Cotton-India dimity"; while his summary of the production for 1768 shows that he spun and wove for his own use (including his plantation) 815¾ yards of "linen," 355¼ yards of woollen, 144½ yards of linsey and 40 yards of cotton—"thus demonstrating his complete independence of England in the matter of clothing."

Not that arm-chair critics were lacking even then whose sole pastime was to indulge in destructive criticism, but the American colonists had the good fortune to have at the helm of their affairs hard-headed practical men and their sound commonsense prevailed against the sceptical counsels of these academic do-nothings. It was argued against the development of home manufacturers that it would give a setback to agriculture. The reply which George Washington gave to this argument was characteristic of him. Writing to Lafayette in 1789 he said, "Though I would not force the introduction of manufactures . . . . to the prejudice of agriculture, yet I conceive much might be done in the way by women, children, and others, without taking one really necessary hand from tilling the earth." In another letter written the same year he said, "No diminution in agriculture has taken place at the time when greater and more substantial improvements in manufactures are making than were ever known before in America. I hope it will not be a great while before it will be unfashionable for a gentleman to appear in any other dress (except home-spun). Indeed, we have already been too long subject to British prejudices."

Would that our public men and intellectuals caught a spark of the spirit of these illustrious soldiers of freedom and adopted a leaf from their diary! P.

From The Christian Century

Our political life is frankly secular, and religious and ethical convictions qualify political and economic attitudes by only a very slight and negligible degree. Perhaps that is due to the fact that we have no religious leaders who practice any such rigorous self-discipline as Gandhi does. It is easy to point to eccentricities in his asceticism and to suggest that he ought to wear pants at least while he is in London. But the rigorous men of our own Christian traditions, Francis of Assisi, Fox, Woolman and others, were not free of eccentricities. Power and perfect poise are never completely compatible.

Standing on the very brink of social disaster in our western world it would be a rather glorious thing if we could humble our pride sufficiently to appropriate from the east what we need most desperately in the west, a strong enough faith in the efficacy of ethical forces to achieve social justice without wading through blood to gain it.

—*Reinhold Niebuhr.*

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